# NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST

## AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864. | VOL. XII.—No. 5. PRICE SIX CENTS.


### A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JACK PERCY.

Blotted and faded, all crumpled and damp,
In the hands of a mother—her tears falling fast
O'er each line as she read—was a letter from camp,
From her dear only son, and alas! 'twas his last.

Dear mother (she read) in the battle we fought,
I fell as a soldier should do, at my post,
I'm wounded to death, but to that give no thought,
For beaten and routed we drove back their host.

In the fierce raging battle, 'midst a tempest of shell
We charged o'er our comrades already laid low,
In our moment of conquest sorely wounded I fell,
But fell dearest mother with my face towards the foe.

Dear mother, dear mother, mourn not at my fate,
But rather rejoice at the vict'ry we won—
Let not your heart fail you 'neath sorrow's dread weight,
And mother, dear mother, oh! pray for your son.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

## THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

## The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

### A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

### CHAPTER X.

CONDEMNED.

We must now turn, once more, to Wentworth Carew, whom we left in the solitary gloom of the prison room, at Hampstead.

The day of trial arrived.

Sir Mordaunt Carew had refused to prosecute, saying that he felt convinced that some error had been the cause of Wentworth's arrest. But the law itself took the matter up. Judges, in those days, were as bloodthirsty in their way as Judge Jeffreys: men who ordered their fellow creatures to be strung up eight at a time for trifling offences, naturally became callous, and, gradually, were in want of excitement if there was no one to hang. So, as the Baronet declined to prosecute the burglar, the Law did—having for its principal witness Lady Carew. Many were the bitter scenes between Sir Mordaunt and his young wife. Fresh from his melancholy scene with Wentworth, he had entered her room; and, for the first time in his married life, repelled the advances of Lady Constance. She sank down into her chair aghast, and in deadly fear. Fear lest he had discovered her secrets—for two deadly secrets now were hers.

"I much fear you are angry with me, Sir Mordaunt," she said, in a tremulous voice, "though why, I know not."

Sir Mordaunt sighed.

"Alas, Constance!" he replied, "my brother has made grave charges against you. If they were true, they would tend to destroy all my hopes in life!"

"Why so, Mordaunt?"

And the blue eyes were upturned innocently—sorrowfully.

"Because they would make me lose my faith in you. But setting this aside, I must again urge my wishes on you. A great curse is threatening our house; it is in your power to avert it, and you have refused."

"It is *not* in my power, Sir Mordaunt," returned the Lady Carew, quietly; "otherwise, you know I would do it."

"There is one thing I shall do to save him," said the Baronet. "I shall refuse to prosecute. You cannot."

The ready tears welled up into Lady Carew's eyes.

"You think I am vindictive—I see you do!" she cried. "Believe me, dear Mordaunt, if you can stay this prosecution by refusing to appear in it, I shall bless the hour which preserves me from uttering fatal truths."

She could say this fervently!

She had consulted a good solicitor, and he had advised her that, if all else failed, the Law would be her catspaw. Sir Mordaunt Carew loved his wife dearly—passionately—shall we say doatingly?—and he was quite willing to believe that this show of feeling was real. Yet, in that sunlight there was a cloud. The extreme abhorrence she professed for falsehood—the intense anxiety with which she disclaimed the possibility of error—had something suspicious in it.

Yet he, who could not believe in the depth of her malignity, could not see the motive of her movements, if that motive were antagonistic to the interest of his brother. He determined to put her to the test.

"There is one way," he said, smiling, "one way in which I feel sure we can save my brother, without compromising your conscience."

Lady Carew's heart grew faint, but she responded cordially.

"And what is that?" she cried eagerly.

"If it is beyond your power to appear at the Court—what then?"

"I do not understand you."

"Suppose you were ill in bed?"

"I might as well speak a lie as act one," returned Lady Constance.

"Supposing, then, I were to lock you in your room? You cannot object to this, Constance, because it is not your wish that my brother should die. I will lock you in your room on that day, and the trial must take place without you."

Lady Constance shook with anger. She was a woman, and did not see the flimsiness of Sir Mordaunt's day-dreams.

"Very well, Sir Mordaunt," she said. "If this will satisfy you, let it be so."

Sir Mordaunt glanced at her sharply, but answered not. She rose and left the room to hide the workings of her anger in her features.

"I verily believe," said Sir Mordaunt, murmuringly, musingly, as he gazed at her departing form,—"I verily believe she desires my brother to die!"

So the day of trial came. Wentworth Carew, still studying his family dignity, refused to appear as a Carew. So the Court knew him only as Paisley Wentworth. The judge was Judge Nicholet—a fierce, uncompromising man, who had sent unnumbered victims of a savage law to their last account.

The counsel for the prosecution was Horatio Vallance, the Attorney-General; a tall man with grey hair, and a mild, benevolent face.

He was as savage and uncompromising as the judge. But people did not see through him. His mildness of appearance was such that when he broke forth into eloquent barbarity, it was imagined at once that the extreme villany of the prisoner had roused him from his quiet and benovolent nature, and that his outburst was the result of virtuous indignation. Whenever, therefore, he appealed to the jury with tears in his eyes, and called upon them with deep emotion to deliver a verdict of guilty, the audience transferred to him the pity they should have bestowed upon his victim.

Against him, the counsel whom Wentworth Carew had employed was a mere plaything—a puppet to be set up and knocked down. But Wentworth Carew was his own best defender. When the counsel for the prosecution had finished his peroration he demanded leave to speak. His words were impassioned, burning, eloquent. He detailed in glowing terms the miserable life he had led, the privations he had suffered, and the love he bore his child.

Then he told them how this child had been dragged from him, how she had disappeared, and how he suspected Lady Carew of bringing about this disappearance. Yet through all his speech he kept up his character. Never once did he allow it to be seen that his was more than a distant connexion with the Carew family. When he accused Lady Constance of having blamed him falsely, a murmur of indignation ran through the audience. The counsel for the prosecution had taken them by storm. He had dwelt long upon the fact that Lady Carew would not appear against him, even though foully wronged. But just as he spoke there was a commotion without the court, and Lady Carew was led in.

Sir Mordaunt, who had, as the saying is, "been accommodated with a seat on the bench," turned deadly pale as he saw her enter.

"He is lost now!" he murmured.

Late in the day as it was, her evidence was received, and the judge summed up. As might have been expected, he did so dead against the prisoner. Just before the jury retired, Sir Mordaunt Carew asked to be allowed to speak. He was very pale, and almost fell as he rose up.

"I wish," he said, "to make a statement which I thought unnecessary before. I imagined that the charge was so light that the prisoner would at once be acquitted. As, however, it seems likely to be a more serious matter, I will declare that which, for the sake of the family, both I and your prisoner resolved to keep secret. Paisley Wentworth is Wentworth Carew, my younger brother, and I believe him incapable of such an action as that he is charged with."

A murmur ran through the court. Yet, strange to say, it was not a murmur of sympathy with the prisoner, but with his brother.

"The jury will form their own opinion of what Sir Mordaunt Carew has stated. I have nothing to add to the remarks I have already made," said the judge.

So the jury retired, and the usual excitement pervaded the assembly. The usual remarks were made, the usual queries ventured; bets, even, were laid as to the verdict. At length the twelve came in.

Twelve as dogged, stolid, impassible looking beings as might well be met in a month's journey. Few people doubted the verdict. The ordinary question was asked—the ordinary answer given.

Then the verdict came, "Guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy, on account of his perturbed state of mind and the anguish he felt at the loss of his child."

A gleam of pleasure was in the eyes of Lady Carew. This she could not repress, though she did repress the smile of triumph which would otherwise have wreathed itself over her lips. And so—dear lady—when she covered her face with her handkerchief, and bowed her head as the judge pronounced sentence, men pitied her and women wept.

"Poor thing! it was sad that she should be dragged into a court of justice—she, the beautiful, the innocent, the fascinating Lady Carew."

And so the judge gave sentence, saying that the merciful words of the jury should be spoken of in the proper quarter, but giving no hope to the prisoner that the extreme penalty of the law would not be enforced. Sir Mordaunt Carew, bowed down with grief, feared to glance at his brother. He need not have feared. Wentworth Carew stood with his crest erect—his arms folded proudly over his breast—his eyes fixed upon the judge, who scarcely dared meet his gaze. When Judge Nicholet had finished, Wentworth spoke.

"The worst is over now," he said; "but before I leave this court let me tell you that I fear not the law's revenge. Death to me has few terrors. What I dreaded in this trial was the fact of being disgraced, because my disgrace will be transmitted to my child. Had not my brother spoken I would have allowed myself to have been murdered under the name of Paisley Wentworth, that my daughter might not in after years have been identified with me. For the recommendation of the jury I thank them—I desire it not. Let me die, since death to me is preferable to a life of dishonor."

And so it ended.

Sir Mordaunt and Lady Carew drove away in their carriage, and the crowd dispersed, to chat, and jeer, and pay its bets, while Wentworth Carew was left to die.

"And so," said the Baronet to his beautiful wife, as she sat by his side in simulated sorrow,—"so against my express wish—in spite of all my precautions, you bore witness against my brother!"

"Indeed—indeed I was forced to the court!" she cried, passionately. "The officers found their way to my chamber, and compelled me to attend."

Sir Mordaunt said no more. In his inmost heart he disbelieved her statement; but yet he feared to confess this disbelief to himself. What would his future be if he *did* disbelieve her thoroughly? What would life be to him—a lone man without children—if she were proved false? What could he hope for if she, the sunny, beautiful woman whom he had loved the more because of her contrast to himself, were found indisputably his enemy? He said no more, then, of the cause of his brother's sentence.

This only he murmured: "Condemned as he is, I will save him, if my own life is lost in the attempt."

The voice in which these words were uttered proved their intense sincerity: and Lady Carew changed color.

The Baronet observed this, and took a note of it.

### CHAPTER XI.

HALF SAVED.

The day fixed for the execution of Wentworth Carew was the eighth day after the trial, and the Baronet, therefore, had little time before him. He lost not a moment. He had considerable influence with the Government, and had powerful friends, too, in other quarters. Day after day saw his carriage at the office of the Home Secretary; and day after day this carriage bore him thence to prison.

"Mordaunt," said Wentworth Carew at the last interview but one, "do not pursue this useless scheme."

"Useless! It shall not be useless!"

"Indeed, it will be, my dear brother: believe me, they will not save me!"

"They shall—they must!"

Wentworth smiled.

"And if they do, what then? What is life in a penal settlement? What is life to which there is no end but a felon's grave? How could I exist at all when I should dream by night and think by day of nothing but one thing—that my daughter is a wanderer and an outcast, and has no one to protect her, to be kind to her, to talk to her of me!"

He broke down as he spoke thus, and the tears welled from his eyes.

"Listen to me, Wentworth!" said the Baronet, lowering his voice. "If you die, you die a felon's death; and you have the felon's grave, too, which you so much dread! Your child will be irretrievably lost or irretrievably disgraced!"

"I know it—I know it!"

"Remember, if I save you—if I succeed, as I now sincerely hope I may in moving the stony heart of the Home Secretary—you have life. That is one thing!"

Wentworth smiled bitterly.

"A convict's life!" he said.

"No; the life of a man whose monomania is but to escape! You will exist but to escape—to return to this country—to retrieve your character—to find your child—to take this deadly, dreary weight from off my heart!"

Wentworth Carew turned pale, and grasped his brother's arm.

"You are giving me hope but to make me more wretched still!" he said. "How could I escape!—how could I leave the penal settlements if *I did* escape?"

Sir Mordaunt still spoke in a whisper—an eager, hurried whisper, though, which proved his plan was well matured.

"I have it all," he said. "Every mail I will forward a certain sum to the principal bank of the nearest city to the credit of Henry Dumont. This sum will accumulate by the time you have matured your plan of escape, and before you go I will give you a letter to a merchant in the city, to whom I will address for you all my letters of advice. Thus, when you have fled the prison, there will be no delay in obtaining your money."

The words of Sir Mordaunt roused a new current of feeling in the breast of Wentworth Carew. He rose, paced his cell—agitated and pale—for some moments. Then he stopped, pressed his brother's hand, and looked wistfully in his face.

"Yes," he said, "I would live!—I would live! Save me, Mordaunt, that I may save my child!"

A look of extreme joy passed over the Baronet's features.

"At last I have persuaded you!" he said.

Wentworth smiled sadly.

"Yes," he answered, "you have persuaded me to live, when, doubtless, they will not permit me to live!"

On the following day the cell door opened as usual, and the Baronet, flushed and eager, rushed in.

"It is done!" he cried. "You are saved!"

Wentworth trembled violently.

"Have they pardoned me?" he said, in a voice of fear.

"No, my brother," said Sir Mordaunt, sorrowfully; "you are saved from death; but the sentence, even now, is fifteen years' transportation!"

"A living death!" muttered Wentworth.

"Not so—even if death were impossible!" returned the Baronet. "You are not an old man, and can return at the expiration of your sentence. But you can and shall escape."

A week after, a convict ship left the shores of England. A heavy freight it was.

Heavy in numbers—heavy in crime.

Those were ill-looking faces which surrounded Wentworth Carew, and an ill-looking ruffian, indeed, was it that was chained to him on that fearful voyage.

Carew obtained the appellation of the "Silent Prisoner," on the journey. He spoke to no one.

The thieves, and murderers, and low felons, by whom he was surrounded, hated him for it, and swore desperate oaths that they would punish him for his implied insults to them.

"I'll make you think of this, my fine covey," growled the convict to whom he was chained. "Wait till we gets 'home,' and then see how much your gentleman's airs will aid you. It don't do no good, I can tell you, to make enemies among your comrades there."

These words convinced Wentworth Carew that he had made a mistake.

Low and depraved as were his companions, they were his companions, and would continue to be so. And more than this, in any attempt at escape he *must* fail, unless he had the co-operation, or at least the friendly feelings of the convicts on his side.

So one evening when they were collected together in the hold without any keepers (they were chained, and the hatchways were down, so they could do no harm), he spoke.

"Comrades," he said, "I've something to say."

A murmur, partly of derision, partly of curiosity, ran through the assembly,

"The Silent Man's going to speak," growled his comrade. "The gentleman's condescension is summut quite unnateral."

Wentworth looked round proudly, in spite of his chains.

"Gentleman!" he cried. "Ah! that is your great mistake. I *am* a gentleman—the only one here, I fancy. What then? I will be your leader—I will use my knowledge to find means of escape, and when we *have* escaped, we will be a warning and a curse to those who have kept us in chains. If I have been silent on the voyage, it is because I wish to keep up my character. I wish them to trust me, that they may not be on their guard against me and that I may thus more easily fling off my bondage."

He paused.

He had been listened to in silence—a loud roar of applause greeted the conclusion of his speech.

"Go on—go on!" cried many voices.

Wentworth smiled.

"I have said all I have to say," he answered. "The Silent Man has spoken. When he reaches 'home,' he will speak again." It was not so much the words, but the manner in which they were spoken, which brought forth the second round of applause. From that moment Wentworth Carew was the most popular man on board the ship; and when he landed he had inspired the men with such confidence, that one and all looked forward to escape as a certainty.

But there were rude stone walls round their "home," as they termed it, in their slang vocabulary; and high spikes upon them, and deep ditches and marshes beyond.

The Silent Man, as he was called, soon became as popular with the Governor and the Chaplain as he had among the convicts. His elegant manners, and his education, aided by his fervent asseverations of innocence, obtained from them an earnest good will, and at the end of two years he was comparatively free from restraint. Yet they feared him. They knew his story. They knew his wild, daring spirit. They knew, too, the earnest hope which bound him to life. This knowledge it was that made them fear him, and feel sure that he would attempt escape.

It was one evening when the Governor gave a ball that a cry was raised that prisoners were escaping. The guests hurried to the windows, and looked out.

Shouting, and then the report of musketry, was heard.

Then the light of torches held by hurrying men were seen, and the flash again of pistols.

Presently the Governor, who had run out on the first alarm, re-entered the ball-room.

"What is the matter?" asked one of the guests.

"Wentworth Carew, with some other convicts," he said, "has been attempting an escape, and he is shot. They are bringing his body into the prison."

### CHAPTER XII.

A TRACK THROUGH THE STORM.

About thirteen years after the events narrated in our last chapter, a man, ill-clad, and bent either with old age, or hunger, or cold, was hastening along one of the narrow thoroughfares which intersect the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury.

London was white with snow. Snow everywhere: in the air—on the ground—on the broad steps—on the lamp-posts—beating in your face, blinding you, bewildering you, mingling street and pavement in one confused mass.

But the man has a track through the snow. His clothes are threadbare, and cling to him with a poverty-stricken embrace. He has walked a long journey, too, for his shoes are worn in holes. Yet he slackens not his pace—the cold without is driven away by the raging fever within. He is ill-looking, unshorn, heard-featured, dark-skinned, and policemen eye him askance. He slinks from them. Who is he? Is he a housebreaker, or one who wishes to be one? Is he not perhaps, and far more probably, some half-starved wretch, whose poverty is a crime? He is neither.

Onward he rushes, while the majesty of the law, terrified by his proximity to well-stored plate-rooms, stalks at his heels. He is a tall, broad fellow, though the cold has bent him; and he could crush at one blow, that white-faced, narrow-waisted policeman.

But that white-faced, narrow-waisted policeman is the law for the nonce, and so our traveller eyes him fearfully, and slinks away into a maze of courts. You would hardly have conceived it possible that such a man—looking so and dressing so—could have had a fixed object at any one moment. Yet it was so.

He moved on steadily, until he reached the entrance of a court, which, even in the snow-storm, looked black within, for the lamp swung at its entrance only illuminated the arch which served as a portal.

Arrived here, he glanced hastily, nervously up and down the street. No one was in sight. He had eluded the majesty of the law—the policeman was baffled.

"If he keeps me long here," he muttered, as he shivered beneath the dim and dingy lamp—"if he keeps me here long, he'll find a dead man, for, by heaven, the life's nearly frozen out of me!"

A step approached. The tattered stranger shunk beneath the dark archway, and listened. Softly—softly—stealthily—steadily it came along the snow and stopped by the lamp. The new-comer was a man of perhaps some twenty-one years of age, tall, well-built, fashionably, if not elegantly dressed, with an air of society, if not of *haut ton*, about him.

"The ragged ruffian has deceived me!" he cried, impatiently; "and in this deuced cold night, too!"

"The ragged ruffian was here before you, and is at your service," said the other, advancing. "The night, as you say, is very cold, and I should like to retire to warmer lodgings."

"Ah, Morley, you *are* here!" cried the young man. "Well, I'm glad of that. I've been deucedly out of luck to-night, and to-morrow must decide my fate."

The face of the man whom he addressed as Morley was hidden in the shadow, or he would have seen the curl of disdain which wreathed his lip at these words.

"You should be glad to have a fate yet to be decided, Mr. Henri le Morneaut," returned Morley. "Mine was decided long ago. However, hard by here is 'The Four Spies.' There we can talk without fear of listeners."

"An ominous name."

"*Lucus a non lucendo*, my worthy friend," returned the ragamuffin, with gay familiarity, and led the way.

"The Four Spies" looked like a beershop of the lowest order, but it retailed spirits of unexceptionable strength. Morley evidently knew it.

He ordered a bottle of brandy—the best, you may be sure, as he had no money to pay for it with—and sat down in a remote corner of the parlor, where a dim lamp flickered above a dingy table. After the first draught of the invigorating fluid, his manner changed. He pushed his hat off his brow, tucked down the collar of his threadbare coat, leaned back on his seat, and placing his long, thin hands in his breeches pockets, ejaculated, "This, sir, is a strange world!"

The man, as he said this, was in the full glare of the lamp, and Henri le Morneaut could see his features. He was apparently about seven-and-forty. His locks were grey,—his face was thin, and you might readily have taken him for ten years older, had it not been for his eyes, which were lit up with the brilliancy of youth. It was a strange, strong, weather-beaten face. The face of a man who had knit his brows when he had started in life, and who had never been called upon to exchange his frown into a smile.

"That man is an honest man," thought Henri le Morneaut; "if so he is of no use to me!"

"Well, now my friend," he said aloud, "let us at once to business."

"Yes," returned Morley, as he stretched his legs out at the fire, with the thorough enjoyment of a man who has not seen such a sight for many a night—"yes, let's to business. We meet under strange circumstances, and I've thought over it many a time to-day. When I was sitting on that step in the dark, and heard you talking to yourself, I'd no idea that our roads laid in such similar directions. But, however, they do, and we must make the best of our way together.

Henri le Morneaut glanced at his companion angrily.

"Our ways will soon diverge my friend!" he cried, testily.

The man turned round upon him with a look of expressive amusement, not unmingled with contempt.

"We don't understand one another yet," he said; "it is time we should."

Le Morneaut did not answer.

He proceeded, therefore: "You stood on the step of the large house in Montague Square, and said to yourself, 'I am sick of these silly fellows; if I knew but one brave man, I could be rich and powerful.' Then I leaped up, and caught your arm, saying, 'Here is your brave man—be rich and powerful.' Are not these my words?"

"They are."

"Did I say, 'Here is your villain?' No, Henri le Morneaut, I never told you I was a rogue—I said I was an outcast."

"Which generally means the same thing," sneered the other.

Morley took no notice of the interruption.

"If we are to work together, we must work as equals," he continued. "I am a man battered and beaten through life, but I *am* your equal, and in all we do must be recognized as such. To-morrow my dress shall be altered—you shall walk London with me, and not be ashamed. But, come, tell me all your wants."

The young man leaned across the table, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"I have told you," he said, "that my father, or, rather, my stepfather, Sir Mordaunt Carew, is very old."

"Yes."

"He is now nearly bed-ridden—at least, he can only move about on crutches, and very rarely leaves his chamber."

Morley made no observation, but the muscles of his face moved convulsively.

"Well, the old man still nourishes in his heart a hope which implies my ruin. Many years ago, a brother of his was transported for a robbery committed upon my mother. This brother had a daughter who was carried away by an old servant of my mother's, and Sir Mordaunt has made some foolish vow to find this child, and reinstate her in her position. No doubt the girl is dead——"

"You have no proof!" cried Morley.

Henri laughed.

"Why, you appear as excited as I am," he said.

"Of course; if this child were dead your position would be far more safe," returned Morley, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"Just so: however, he does not believe the child is dead, and until he has satisfactory proofs that she is no more, he refuses to alter the will he has made in her favor."

Morley's eyes gleame

"I begin to see daylight," he muttered; "but come—tell me, what is the last trace you have found."

The young man drew from his bosom a pocketbook, and from this a paper yellow with age, and dirty and crumpled with much folding and unfolding.

"Look at this," he said, passing it over to Morley.

The man took it, asking "What is it?"

"It is a copy of the ship's register kept at the owner's in Liverpool."

It ran thus:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Durant and child. Passengers to Australia. Sailed June 10th."

"That is a lie!" cried Morley, hoarsely. "They never took the child!"

Henri le Morneaut started back in fear and astonishment.

"What do you know of it?" he cried.

The man laughed bitterly.

"I know everything!" he said, "and will tell you a little of it!"

"Tell me all or none."

He proceeded without noticing the last words.

"I am a returned convict, My name is Morley Bridgenorth. Nay, do not start—there is no harm in me, for I was convicted on false evidence. In the penal settlement I became acquainted with Wentworth Carew—Sir Mordaunt's brother—and also with Mark Durant."

"He was no convict!"

"No: not when he left England. But he had not long been in Australia when he resumed his thieving habits, and, being tried and condemned, came to prison with us. From him and from Wentworth Carew I learned the whole story, of which you have told me a part. Mark never took the child, but left it behind him, outside the town of Farborough."

"And where is she now?"

"That remains to be seen."

"And her father—what of him?"

"He is dead," said Morley.

A gleam of joy shot from Henri de Morneaut's eyes, as the returned convict uttered these words.

"Dead!" he cried. "How did he die?"

"Wentworth Carew was a monomaniac," said Morley; "his mania was escape. He was sentenced, as of course you know, to fifteen years' penal servitude. In two years he matured his plans of escape, and reached the outside of the prison with several of his companions. Here, however, they were surrounded, and he was brought back for dead—having been wounded by a shot from one of the muskets of the soldiers.

"He died, then, from his wound?"

"Not so; he lived many years after this accident. About eight months ago he and I and Mark Durant hit upon a scheme which we considered a certainty, and we put it immediately in practice. We passed the walls—we reached the swamp in safety. The moon was very bright, however, and lit up patches of water and the dew bespangled grass, and we were again pursued. Two of us escaped—the other, whose face was completely shot away by the bursting of a gun, was carried back to be buried in a felon's grave."

"This man was——"

"Wentworth Carew."

"And where is Mark Durant?"

"He is in London with me. We live in the same house."

Henri turned deadly pale.

"That man's being here may ruin all my plans!" he muttered to himself. "Is he to be bought?" he asked aloud.

"Oh, yes! I daresay."

"Can I see him?"

"Not at present, I think; but tell me what it is you want, and I can do just as well."

"Well," said Henri, "if there were satisfactory proofs of the girl's death, old Carew would make his will in my favor. Now, as the ship's register says 'Mr. and Mrs. Durant and child,' he has but to say that he took the child away, and produce a certificate of her death."

"A forged one you mean?" returned Morley, eyeing him closely.

"That has nothing to do with me," said Henri petulantly. "I suggest no means whatever. All I ask is, that Mark Durant shall produce a certificate of the death of Alice Wentworth Carew. When he does that I will give him my note of hand for five thousand pounds."

Morley exhibited no emotion at the mention of this large sum.

"A fine offer," he said; "but one, my young friend, which requires consideration. We will speak of that anon. What are your present requirements?"

"Money."

Morley laughed, and pointed to his dress.

"I seem the right one to apply to for money," he said.

Henri stamped his foot impatiently on the floor.

"Bah!" he cried; "I thought you understood me; I thought you were a brave man?"

"I am a brave man," returned the other, "a brave, bold man; and I have done many things in my time which would make you, (young, strong, and active as you may be) shudder at the very thought, though I never shuddered at the deed. But I can tell you this, I am not a thief, and therefore have no money."

Henri was rapidly losing his temper. He could not understand the man to whom he was talking; he could not comprehend why he had formed his acquaintance, or what good could accrue to him from it.

"It seems to me," he said, "that we are losing valuable time. I don't see what you are going to do for me."

"You asked me for money," returned Morley. "I cannot lend you any, because I have none; but I can procure it for you, if you have any security to offer."

"I have," said Henri. "I have jewelry belonging to my mother, which she has lent me. This will bring in two thousand pounds."

Morley smiled.

"I am not a pawnbroker," he answered. "What else is there?"

"I have a signature of Sir Mordaunt's for four thousand pounds."

"Let me see it."

The young man drew out his pocket-book again, and, with a trembling hand, passed over the bill to his companion.

The returned convict glanced at the signature carefully. Then he raised his eyes slowly, till they met those of the young man.

"How did you obtain this?" he asked.

"My mother obtained it from Sir Mordaunt, for her private use," returned Henri.

"Are you quite sure that Sir Mordaunt himself signed this check?"

Henri turned pale.

"Of course! do you think it is a forgery?"

"No, no! I think nothing. I asked a simple question. You have answered it. When do you want the money?"

"To-morrow."

"Good! you shall have it."

"And when and where shall I meet you?"

"If you will come to No. 10, Harley Terrace, Bloomsbury, at seven to-morrow evening, you shall receive the cash. Meanwhile, you will of course trust me with this bill."

Henri eyed him with surprise.

"How am I to trust you," he cried, "when I know nothing of you?"

Morley handed it back to him.

"Take it," he said; "if you do not care to trust me, there is an end to the matter."

There was a quiet dignity in his manner which completely re-assured Henri.

He handed him the note again.

"Take it," he said. "I will trust you, though why I should I know not."

He then rose, rang the bell, paid the score, and saying "To-morrow at seven," left the room.

Morley Bridgenorth drew his chair to the fire, brewed another glass of grog, and rubbed his hands.

"This is the first link in a chain," he murmured, "which Henri le Morneaut will find it difficult to break."

TO BE CONTINUED.


# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.


## REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

## To Correspondents.

J. R.—Rule 15 says:—"That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down, shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing, always, that when in such a position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike." In our opinion, if a blow is delivered while a man is in the act of falling, and that blow does not reach its destination before the man is down, such blow is not foul, but the result of an accident. It is quite a different thing from deliberately striking a man when down, and the referee was right in giving the decision on that point which he did.

RANCOCAS, Bridesburg, Penn.—"A shooting match came off in this town a short time since, and the decision was very unsatisfactory. A party went out to shoot for nine prizes—one gold medal and eight silver ones—with the understanding that the men who made the shortest strings were to have them; the shortest string the gold medal, and the next eight shortest, the silver ones. Their was a tie for the gold one. Now the question is, was the man that shot off the tie and lost the gold medal, entitled to a silver one?".....The man who lost the tie for the gold medal, is entitled to a silver one.

C. C. M., Marlboro, Mass.—1. Harry Brunton has fought three battles, viz: beat Hussey, April 3, 1849, 92r. 2h. 30m; beat Duffin, Jan. 29, 1850, 45r. 46m; beaten by Bill Cain, March 19, 1850, 138r. 3h. 7m. 2. We are not aware that James Cusick ever fought in the prize ring. 3. Nat Langham beat Ellis, Lowe, Campbell, Gutteridge, Sparkes, and Tom Sayers; made a draw with Ben Caunt, and was beaten by Harry Orme. 4. The Tipton Slasher still lives; his height is about 6 feet. 5. We have no rules of the kind for sale. 6. 2:19¾ by Flora Temple.

TOM, Washington, D. C.—For mange, give a dose of castor oil twice a week, and rub thoroughly with a mixture of black sulphur 4oz., fish oil 1 pint, once a day. For improving the coat of hair, give 10 grains of ethiop's mineral, (black sulphuret of mercury) in butter, twice a week. To destroy fleas, wash with a mixture of Scotch snuff and gin, keeping the dog muzzled to prevent him from licking himself.

EXEGESIS, Baltimore.—"1. In cribbage, if A plays an 8, B a 7, C a 9 (taking a sequence of three) and D a 7: is D entitled to a sequence of three also? 2. At the same game, if A plays a 7, B a 6, C a 5, (pegging three holes) D a 4, (pegging four holes) and A another 7, how many holes should A peg?".....1. No. 2. A should peg four holes if it is not a "go," and five holes if it is.

CITY, N. Y.—The Harlem and New Haven Railroads do not belong to one and the same company; neither are they, strictly speaking, the "same lines," although they use the same track up to somewhere in the neighborhood of Mount Vernon, where they branch off into two distinct roads, one inclining to the eastward towards Boston, the other westward towards Albany.

L., Cincinnati.—1. We believe the trial never came off. 2. Our dramatic summary will post you as to the whereabouts of the lady. 3. The price of our paper is precisely the same as it was before the enlargement. There has been no change whatever in the scale of prices, whether wholesale or retail.

NEW YORK.—1. Messrs. Phelan & Collender can probably furnish you with a Billiard Cue of that date; if not, call at the CLIPPER office and read it in our bound volume for that year. 2. Yes; at King & Cleaver's, north side of West 41st street, between 8th and 9th avenues.

VAN, London, C. W.—B should have first completed his first fifty points, and then have taken 43 points on his second fifty. To take B's view of the case, he would be receiving 86 points in 100; which is evidently more than A intended giving him.

HOPE, 2d N. Y. Artillery, Fort Smith, Va.—"In cribbage, A plays a 4, B a 5, C a tray (takes three), D a 4, A a 5, B a 6, C a deuce; A can't play, and B plays an ace; B takes six points for the last sequence, which A disputes. How is it?".....B was right.

BLUE BONNET, Boston.—"Did Blue Bonnet ever win the English Derby? If not, did she ever win the Doncaster St. Ledger, and in what year?".....Lord Eglinton's Blue Bonnet never won the Epsom Derby, but won the Doncaster St. Leger in 1842.

ROUNCE, Ashtabula.—"A, B and C sit down to a game of rounce; the game stands, A 3 points to go; B 2; C 26; B takes the first two tricks; A takes the next three tricks; consequently C is rounced, making him 31. Now who loses the game?".....C loses.

F. A., Philadelphia.—It is quite true that Keystone, formerly of your city, is dead. He died about three weeks ago while Dan Mace was training him.

WILL OH!—The New York Cricket Club's grounds are now located at Bedford, L. I.; the Manhattan Club's at Elysian Fields, Hoboken.

PICAYUNE, New Orleans.—Yours of April 24th reached us too late to be of service, some of your items being anticipated by another correspondent.

CONSTANT READER.—1. We have no time to make the calculation. 2. If B's king was high, he wins the game, as the Jack cannot be scored until after high and low.

H. S. MORGAN, Chambersburgh, Pa.—We cannot deviate from our usual rule, and therefore we require a deposit before inserting challenges, and not after.

A FRIEND, Lancaster.—We have not seen or heard of the man for several months.

CLAUDE, Chicago.—Send your correct address, and we will have it forwarded.

M. J. T.—If your inclination leads that way, go on trial for a short time.

J. B., New Orleans.—The lady arrived in this city by the last steamer. Where she is at present we cannot say.

READER, St. Louis.—Miss Maggie Mitchell has never been married, at least, so far as we know.

H. L. M., Pittsburgh.—If Dr. Gouraud's Poudres Subtiles won't help you, then there is nothing left to try but the razor.

FOX & Co., Lockport, N. Y.—Sixteen lines, $2. Duplicate copy if you wish it inserted.

O. R. P., New Haven, Conn.—We have as many on our staff as we can find room for.

J. J. C., Fort Wayne.—We have no personal acquaintance with any firms in that line.

T. B., Louisville.—1. Edwin Booth is at the Winter Garden in this city. 2. See dramatic summary.

J. C.—Flora Temple's best time was made at Kalamazoo, Mich. Her best time on Long Island was made against George N. Patchen.

SUBSCRIBER.—Yes, he can fight him once every six months if he pleases.

ALL FOURS.—In such a case we think it but fair that the two remaining players should cut for deal.

JOHN R. H., Covington, Ky.—We advertised the letter last week, but it has not been called for.

CLIPPER READER.—1. At Barnum's Museum this week. 2. She is not married.

C. H. G., Rochester, N. Y.—We don't do business on the C. O. D. principle.

W. A. C.—You can procure the books through the American News Agency, No. 121 Nassau street, N. Y.

M. McM., Albany.—Without a deposit, he will not notice your challenge.

MUSH.—Jem Mace and Tom Sayers never fought as antagonists in the prize ring.

CONSTANT READER.—Joe Coburn was not born in England, neither did he ever fight a prize fight there.

GOV'T EMPLOYEE, Little Rock.—$10,000, by Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan.

WATER WITCH.—We do not know the maiden name of Milage Cornell's divorced wife.

CUDJO.—E. L. Davenport was born in Boston, Mass.

J. N. D., Boston.—We do not.

M. H., Granville.—It was not a fair throw.

H. C. A., Newark, N. J.—Flora Temple's best time is 2:19¾.

UPTON.—The Jack is counted.

A HEAVY STAKE is being played for in our Courts just now, the sum at issue in the pool being full twenty-three thousand dollars, without extras. The parties engaged in this Court Card Game, are John Morrissey and Pablo de Arieta. It seems that Pablo institutes the suit against Morrissey to recover the above named sum, which, he states, the latter obtained from him unlawfully. Pablo, in his complaint, alleges that in August and September, 1863, being at Saratoga Springs, he lost $9000 at the game of Faro, in the establishment kept by Morrissey. In September and October, notwithstanding his losses at Saratoga, Pablo visited Morrissey's establishment in this city, and there lost $14,000 at Faro. He now brings suit to recover this money, and the case came up in the Court of Common Pleas on the 4th inst., when Morrissey's counsel made a motion that Pablo should make his complaint more definite; but the motion was denied, and a notice of appeal given. It seems a little singular that, after losing so much money at Saratoga, the complainant should seek out Morrissey's house in this city and risk a still larger sum: but there is an infatuation about the game of Faro and gambling houses that cannot be withstood by men who are at all inclined to buck against the Tiger. Once they have entered upon the struggle, it seems next to impossible to tear themselves away from the claws of the "furious beast." Had Pablo "beaten the bank," is it to be supposed that he would have refunded any of the money? Guess not. The trial, should it come to pass, may develope some curious facts.

## THE GREAT PUGILISTIC EVENT.

### FIRST DEPOSIT FOR THE MACE AND COBURN MATCH.

IRELAND THE BATTLE GROUND.

In our last we published a letter from Mr. Dowling, acknowledging the receipt of £50 on behalf of Joe Coburn, for his proposed match with Jem Mace. We have since received another communication from the same gentleman, informing us that Mace had sent a deposit of £50, and that he, Mace, would be ready to meet Coburn on his arrival in London, and at once prepare and sign articles for the match.

The various sporting papers in London look upon the match as good as made, and all announce the fact of £50 a side being deposited. *Bell's Life* publishes the letter we sent with Coburn's money, the purport of which has already appeared in our columns.

The *Illustrated Sporting News* contains the annexed article on the subject of the proposed match:—

"The sporting world is now all agog with regard to the intended international encounter between these boxers of the Old and the New World. Nothing seems to destroy the interest attached to the matter, despite the late unravelled mystery as to the Sussex tournament. The excitement touching the Garibaldian chicanery will only become (as it properly should be) a nine-days' wonder, for the farce has been played long enough; while the becoming homage of all classes to the departed speaker of *all* time—*our* Shakespeare—will have its sway for ever. A contemplated ministerial crisis, and the merry Scottish pretensions to the Blue Ribbon of the Turf at Epsom, are necessarily, at this time, the moot points of conversation in English circles; and yet, with all these important considerations, the class who admire the famed athlete of the British soil, as exemplified in the battle-field or the roped arena, look forward to the forthcoming match with particular interest. The whole affair has been very freely canvassed in all public companies; and the Emerald Isle, glowingly described as the "first flower of the earth, the first gem of the sea," will both be coveted and countenanced by the Saxon, in multitudes, when Jemmy, of Zingari extraction, from the banks of the Yare, and our respected American Josephus go through their impulsive performance on Hibernian shores, on one of the sunny days of coming July.

Mace has covered the money forwarded by Coburn, so that the match may be considered as fairly ratified. The time for signing articles, "we guess," will be at the close of next month, upon the arrival of the latter from the Broadway. He had a complimentary benefit tendered to him at William's Hall, Boston, on Saturday, the 9th inst., and his reception there must indicate the tone of feeling with which his fistic voyage to Europe is viewed by the American people. He will be, as we have gleaned from our intelligent and reliable friend, the NEW YORK CLIPPER, accompanied by James Cusick; and the pair are, doubtless, by this hour, under steaming influence over the waves of the Atlantic. Win or lose, as the fist may be, Mace will visit America and Australia about August next. He is at present fulfilling a lucrative engagement in Ireland, where they love a fight—either a faction one or otherwise.

Coburn takes his farewell benefit this evening, Tuesday, May 10th, at the City Assembly Rooms, and as it will be his last appearance in public, in America, before his departure for England it is highly probable that a very large number of patrons will be present. We understand that Coburn intends to sail from here on Saturday, 14th inst., for Liverpool, accompanied by his trainer, the tried and trusty Jas. Cusick.

## THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

### ANOTHER PROPOSITION FROM STEVENS TO HAMILL.

WILL ROW AT STATEN ISLAND

*LETTER FROM WARD.*

In response to the letter in behalf of Hamill, which appeared in last week's CLIPPER, we have received the following communication from Stevens, of Po'keepsie:—

"EDITOR CLIPPER—*Sir*:—As Mr. James Hamill does not feel inclined to come to Po'keepsie to row me a five mile race, and as he contemplates going to England to row their champion, he probably would take steamer from New York. I will row James Hamill a five mile race at Staten Island, commencing opposite Nautilus Hall Hotel, rowing two and a half miles out, turning stake boat, and return to starting point, good day and good track, for five hundred dollars a side—race to come off five weeks from time of first deposit. Yours respectfully, WM. STEVENS.

Poughkeepsie, May 9th, 1864."

A race at Staten Island would prove to be an interesting affair, and should it come off there, and Hamill prove victor, his departure from these shores for his proposed visit to England would be attended with much greater *eclat*, and as Stevens does not seem disposed to go to Pittsburgh, we don't know that the champion can do much better than accept the above, and give us a call for that purpose while *en route* for Great Britain. We are also instructed to state that if Hamill objects to the Staten Island course, Stevens will row him at Peekskill or at Troy above the dam; both of which courses, we believe, are thought good ones by the veteran—Stephen Roberts. What Hamill has to say to this, we may possibly know in time for next week's CLIPPER.

No match being likely to take place between Stevens and Hamill, Josh Ward requests us to insert the following card:—

CORNWALL, May 9th, 1864.

MR. QUEEN: As a sufficient time has elapsed, and no one having accepted of Mr. Hamill's terms to row a match, I renew my offer to row Hamill a race for the championship. I desire to know direct from Mr. Hamill, in your next issue, or sooner if possible, at what place—on neutral waters away from the vicinity of Pittsburgh—he proposes to row. I will reply to his communication or address immediately. Respectfully, JOSHUA WARD.

## TH E GREATCAMPAIGN.

As we go to press, the city is in a great state of excitement over the reports from the great battle field in Virginia, and the news, which is of the most cheering character—always excepting that which makes known the sacrifices of human life—is eagerly read on the bulletin boards, in the streets, rail road cars, and everywhere. Let us all hope that with the defeat of Lee's army, peace may speedily follow, and the Union be made whole again.

DID COME OFF.—A prize fight was actually decided according to the respective merits of the men, one day last week. There have been so many wrangles of late, that no one anticipated that the contest between Harris and Marley would prove an exception; but the men fought the battle out, the referee was permitted to decide without being over "persuaded," and with the exception of a little noise on the part of the "boys," the whole affair passed off in an amicable manner, if there can be such a thing in a punching match. The pugs were on their good behavior, the police were on their's, and all was serene and lovely. We take pleasure in making special notice of the pugilistic tourney at Gwynned, and hope all future matches may be conducted in a similarly by quiet and orderly manner.

THE MACE AND COBURN MATCH.—There is nothing now in the way to prevent a match being made between Joe Coburn and Jem Mace, Coburn's money having been promptly covered by a deposit on the part of Mace, and the latter also signifying his readiness to meet Coburn, as soon as the latter should reach England, to make the necessary arrangements for carrying to a successful issue the proposed match, and to sign articles. Thus far every thing has progressed in a very satisfactory manner, Mace giving evidence of a disposition to meet the Irish-American on fair grounds, and asking no advantage over his opponent. Coburn's straightforward conduct is also to be commended. While such principles actuate the two men, we trust that their friends will be alike moderate and conciliatory in their intercourse with each other. Elsewhere will be found the latest news relative to the great match.

THE MINSTREL'S FAST HORSE.—In Boston, last week, Billy Morris, the popular minstrel, sold his celebrated trotting stallion for $2,300. The animal can go his mile in 2:36, and eat his oats with as much relish as a prize fighter has for his beef steak.

"THE OUTCAST," by Miss M. E. Braddon, is one of the best of this lady's works. It is published complete in one volume, price 75 cents, by Dick & Fitzgerald.

"FAMILY PRIDE," is the title of a very interesting novel just issued from the press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. All book dealers have it for sale.

THE MANHATTAN CRICKET CLUB play their opening match on their beautiful grounds at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, N. J., on the 10th inst., when, as they have added largely to their membership list, both in numbers and skill, they anticipate a pleasant and well played game. With the good heartedness which has always characterized the management of this club, they invite all lovers of cricket to visit them on that day. If we mistake not, a prosperous career is in store for the Manhattan Cricket Club.

THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKET CLUB played their opening match on the 7th inst. The officers for the present year are W. R. Wister, President; W. F. Warburton, Vice President; Treasurer, J. B. England; Secretary, A. A. Outerbridge; Ground Committee, W. R. Wister, J. W. Johnson, A. C. Barclay, Jr., A. C. Hunt, and G. H. Newhall. The membership list includes the names of fifty-eight persons, many of them of the first families of Philadelphia. Their practice days are Tuesdays and Fridays of each week.

TROUTING.—A party of four Rochesterians start this week for Pine Creek, Pa., to spend a couple of weeks in trout fishing. The company consists of Messrs. Chas. H. Chapin, Henry H. Morse, A. McVean, and J. C. Hart.

CANINE SPORT IN CLEVELAND.—Jim Brown's slut Fan, and John Ferguson's slut are matched at 18lbs. each, for $200, and the fight is fixed for the 19th inst. A good scrimmage is anticipated, and it is expected much greenbacks will change hands.

## THE TURF.

*Trotting on the Fashion Course L. I.—The debut of the famous Hambletonian Colt, Dexter, on the Turf—High prices of the Hambletonian Stock—Mr. Monnot's Mare sold for Twelve Thousand Dollars.*

Last week witnessed the first appearance on the trotting turf of one of the finest and most promising horses that has been seen for a long period. We allude to the much talked-of Hambletonian horse Dexter, the property of Mr. George Alley, of this city. He made his *debut* in the trot for the $100 purse, given by the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association for horses that, at the time of entry, had never trotted in less than 2min 40secs, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, which came off on Wednesday, the 4th inst., on the Fashion Course, L. I. There were originally twelve entries, comprising Pleasure Boy, Milkmaid, Lady Lambert, Dexter, Stonewall Jackson, Lady Collins, General Grant, Sam, Crinoline, Lady Winthrop, the Thomas mare, and Lady Tompkins. When, however, the ringing of the judges' bell summond the contestants to the stand for the start, eight of the above lot failed to put in an appearance, leaving only General Grant, Dexter, Stonewall Jackson, and Lady Collins to contend for the purse. The day was fine and pleasant, the track in good condition, and the attendance of spectators large and respectable. During the race, a somewhat high breeze prevailed, which militated against the making of very fast time. There was but little disposition shown to bet upon the race until the pool selling commenced, when it was immediately perceived that the disposition to back the dark entry of Hiram Woodruff was general. In the $200 pools that were offered, he was quickly run up to $160, while the thrice crowned victor of the season, on this course, the slashing gelding Stonewall Jackson, was knocked down for $90: the other two, Lady Collins and General Grant, being "bunched together" and only brought $26. These relative prices prevailed throughout all the pools disposed of, while the outside betting showed a disposition to back the Hambletonian horse at even against the field. As the latter was sent along in his preliminary brush, his appearance was eagerly and critically scanned by the knowing ones, and the inspection appeared to please them thoroughly, as there was an increased anxiety to purchase him in the pools. Dexter is a six year old, a brown gelding, about 15½ hands high, by the stallion Hambletonian, the sire of Robert Fillingham and other famous fast ones, out of a mare by American Star, the sire of Captain Rynders' celebrated mare Widow Machree. He was bred in Orange County, N. Y., whence so many of our most remarkable flyers have sprung, and was bought by Mr. Alley for four hundred dollars before he was broken in. Placed in the hands of Hiram Woodruff, he soon gave promise of extraordinary speed for a green horse, and numerous were the offers to buy him that his owner received, but the high price ($7,500) that was put upon him, "stalled off" the intending purchasers. Subsequent to the race, it was stated that $18,000 was offered and refused for him. He is engaged in six purses on the Union Course, and in two more on the Fashion Course.

*First Heat.*—Dexter had the inside track, General Grant, (driven by Ad. Carpenter of Providence) second, Lady Collins third, and Stonewall Jackson outside. On the third attempt they got the word from the judges, Stonewall Jackson and Dexter getting off on equal terms, in advance of the mare and General Grant, who, in accordance with his usual custom, broke up directly after the start, and could not be got down again. Going around the first turn, Stonewall was carried off his feet by the rapid gait of Dexter, and was passed by Lady Collins, who was three lengths behind Dexter at the quarter pole—time 37½secs. At the half-mile pole Dexter increased the gap to half a dozen lengths, the time being 1:13¾; the General being so far behind that his being shut out appeared almost a certainty, even at this stage of the race. On the third quarter' it appeared as if the son of Hambletonian was going to distance the field, as Stonewall had broken again, and the pace was too fast for the Lady. Coming up the homestretch, Stonewall diminished the distance between himself and Dexter, but could not get nearer than four lengths as the latter crossed the score in 2:33; Lady Collins two lengths behind, and Grant distanced.

*Second Heat.*—None could be found to take the $100 to $20 that were freely offered on the brown gelding. A fine start was effected at the first time of asking; at the turn, Dexter was leading, with Lady Collins second and Stonewall last, having broken up. The former passed the quarter pole two lengths ahead in 37¾secs, and the half in the same relative positions in 1:16. Going along the third quarter, Dexter, startled by a piece of paper that was blown across the track, broke, and before Hiram could get him down steady, the mare had given him the go-by, an advantage which she maintained to the turn into the home stretch. Here Hiram lapped and passed her, carrying her off her feet by his speed, and coming home a winner by a couple of lengths in 2:36; Stonewall, who had passed the mare half way up, being second.

*Third Heat.*—One hundred to ten on Dexter offered in vain. He took the lead immediately the word was given, passed the quarter pole two lengths ahead of the mare in 37½ secs; and the half mile in 1:13½, the other two half a dozen lengths behind and close together. From this point the race was virtually over, for Hiram came home an easy winner by four or five lengths in 2:34¾; Stonewall second and the Lady last.

SUMMARY.

Fashion Course L. I. Wednesday, May 4—Purse $100, for horses that never trotted in less than 2:40, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| H. Woodruff entered br. g. Dexter | 1 1 1 |
| J. Lovett entered b. g. Stonewall Jackson | 2 2 2 |
| T. Cregan entered s. m. Lady Collins | 3 3 3 |
| Owner entered b. g. General Grant | dis. |

| TIME. | *First Quarter.* | *Half Mile.* | *Mile.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| First heat | 37½ | 1:13¾ | 2:33 |
| Second heat | 37¾ | 1:16 | 2:36 |
| Third heat | 37½ | 1:13½ | 2:34¾ |

In the interval between the second and third heats, Mr. Hopkins of Greenpoint brought General Grant on the track and drove him twice around, when he displayed a turn of speed seldom witnessed; doing the first quarter in 34 secs, and the half mile in 1:13, thus proving that he really possesses that great speed his friends had always claimed for him, notwithstanding his three inglorious defeats by Stonewall Jackson. He is a horse of unusually nervous temperament, and cannot be induced to trot in company with other horses. He was driven in this race by Ad. Carpenter, of Providence, who on the occasion of the last trot, had expressed his conviction that bad driving was the only cause of the horse showing such a fractious temper. His owner therefore requested him to hold the reins over the horse in this race, and the result was that he was distanced in the first heat.

The extraordinary high prices which the Hambletonian stock are realising at the present time, afford a striking proof of the benefits which result from breeders securing for their mares the services of the best bred stallions. Hambletonian's pedigree is unexceptionable, tracing through his sire and grand sire, Abdallah and Mambrino direct to that great horse, imported Messenger himself. Robert Fillingham first brought his sire Hambletonian into public notice, and the value placed upon him may be judged from his owner endeavoring last fall to dispose of him by raffle for the fabulous sum of $35,000. Mr. Monnot, of Westchester county, has just sold a mare by Hambletonian, that has never trotted a yard in public, for $12,000. The purchaser was Mr. Frank Baker, the owner of the famous team Ethan Allen and Honest Allen.

DEXTER'S SECOND APPEARANCE.—On Friday, the 6th inst., Dexter made his second appearance on the turf on the Union Course, L. I., but although successful in winning the race, the style in which he accomplished it, hardly realised the extravagant estimation of his speed and merits that his friends entertained and expressed. But it must be remembered that he is yet but a green horse, and capable of immense improvement, especially in the clever hands of the veteran Field-Marshall. The race was for the proprietors' purse and stake of $175, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and had the following horses entered:—Dexter, Irish Maid, Lady Ella, Lady Collins, and Bay Mare. Of these, only Dexter and Lady Collins came on the track, the others being absentees. Some disappointment was felt at the non-appearance of the "Bay Mare," a dark flyer trained by Doty, of New Jersey, about whose merits rumor has been busy of late. The other two were frightened away by the presence of Dexter, Lady Collins alone contending for the honors with him. We observed when this mare first came out on the track this season, that she was somewhat backward in her preparation, but would improve with every race she trotted. Our remark has been confirmed by experience, for her owner is resolved to run her in every race for which she is entered, and her performance in this race evinces the great improvement she has made. Had she not struck lame in the first heat, it is very probable she would have won it. As was anticipated, the gelding was the favorite at $100 to $10, and even these liberal odds were only taken in a few instances.

*First Heat.*—Lady Collins, who had the inside track, led around the first turn, and, at the quarter pole, had opened a gap of an open length, in 39½ seconds. On the back stretch Hiram tried to close upon her, but the mare, who was trotting very fast, kept the same distance ahead, up to the half-mile pole, in 1:18. On the third quarter Dexter made a spurt and lapped the mare; they trotted, head and head together, to the drawgate, when the mare struck lame, and Dexter gave her the go-by, winning the heat by a length, in 2:34½, the Lady going to pieces within fifty yards of the stand.

*Second Heat.*—A capital send-off at the first attempt, Hiram leading around the turn, where he broke, and the Lady went in front, passing the quarter pole in 38½ seconds, half a length ahead. On the back stretch, Hiram, as in the last heat, tried to deprive her of the lead, but unsuccessfully, the mare being ahead at the half-mile pole—time, 1:16. Here she broke, and, before she could be got down, Hiram passed her, and was never again headed, winning the heat by nearly a distance, in 2:36.

*Third Heat.*—Although the mare was lame, both behind and before, her owner would not withdraw her, thinking he might find out a soft spot in the gelding. Offers to bet $100 to $5 on the latter were current. After a capital start the mare's soreness caused her to break before they had gone many lengths, and Dexter led three lengths to the quarter in 40 seconds. On the back stretch, the mare closed up the gap a little, Hiram being only a length ahead at the half-mile pole—time, 1:19. At this stage of the race $100 to $1 was taken about the mare winning, and on the third quarter she gained perceptibly on the gelding. Unfortunately for her backers, the pace carried her off her feet, and the horse improved his advantage so much that her chance of winning was completely extinguished. Dexter winning the heat and race by a dozen lengths in 2:37½.

SUMMARY.

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Friday, May 6th, 1864.—Purse and stake of $175, mile heats, best 3 in 5 in harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| H. Woodruff, named b. g. Dexter | 1 1 1 |
| T. Cregan, named s. m. Lady Collins | 2 2 2 |
| D. Pfifer, named b. m. Irish Maid | drawn. |
| Owner, named g. m. Lady Ella | drawn. |
| A. B., named Bay Mare | drawn. |

| TIME. | *Quarter.* | *Half Mile.* | *Mile.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| First Heat | 39½ | 1:18 | 2:34½ |
| Second Heat | 38½ | 1:16 | 2:36 |
| Third Heat | 40 | 1:19 | 2:37½ |

TROT ON THE 7TH.—On the Union Course, on Saturday, 7th inst., a very interesting match for $200, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off. The contestants were Alderman McMahon's brown mare Sally Come Up and Owner's black mare Rattling Maid. Both horses were trained by Hiram Woodruff, and when the match was made there was a strong desire evinced by the respective owners to secure the services of the Old Field Marshal to drive, which was eventually decided by tossing up for choice, the Alderman gaining the day. Sally Come Up had trotted three times before this season, two to one being bet on her winning, and was in fine form. Rattling Maid was also looking in admirable trim, and was driven by Hiram's brother, Isaac. In the first heat the horses got a very level start, the black mare leading around the upper turn, where she broke, thus giving the lead to Sally, who passed the quarter pole in 42½ secs., a couple of lengths ahead. On the back stretch, like sent the black mare along pretty lively, and at the half mile was at her leader's wheel in 1:22½. A fine race ensued to the draw gate, both horses being lapped together, when the black mare went up and Sally won the heat by two lengths in 2:44½. In the second heat, twenty to six was bet and taken several times on the brown mare. A splendid race ensued, both going closely lapped together to the half mile pole in 1:20¾. From this point the contest was so close and exciting that it seemed impossible to say which of the two would come in first. Superior condition, however, told in the end, the black mare being carried off her feet when within a short distance of the judges' stand, and Sally won the heat by some lengths in 2:41½. The third and last heat was a counterpart of the preceding, the horses going well together all the way round until within a hundred yards of the stand, when the Maid broke as before, and Sally won by several lengths in 2:43½:

SUMMARY.

UNION COURSE, L. I., MAY 7TH, 1864.—Match for $200, play or pay, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hiram Woodruff named br. m. Sally Come Up | 1 1 1 |
| Isaac Woodruff named blk. m. Rattling Maid | 2 2 2 |

| TIME: | Quarter. | Half. | Mile. |
|---|---|---|---|
| First Heat | 42½ | 1:22½ | 2:44½ |
| Second Heat | 40½ | 1:20¾ | 2:41½ |
| Third Heat | 41½ | 1:22¼ | 2:43½ |

TROTTING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—Two trots came off on the National Course, Washington, D. C., on the 2d inst., of which the following are the summaries:

Purse and stake, $200, mile heats, best 3 in five, to harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lady Hamlin | 2 1 1 1 |
| Brandywine | 1 2 2 3 |
| Bill Steel | 3 3 3 2 |

Time 2:43; 2:44½; 2:43; 2:41½.

Premium, $150, mile heats, best 3 in 5; to harness.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fanny Allen | 1 0 1 1 |
| Alice Gray | 3 0 2 2 |
| American Star | 2 0 dr. |

Time, 2:36; 2:33; 2:37.

ANOTHER TROT AT WASHINGTON, D. C., came off on the National Course, on May 5, for a purse and stake of $125. Summary:—

| | |
|---|---|
| A. P. House entered Lady Hamlin | 1 1 1 |
| J. Cudney entered Bill Steel | 2 2 2 |
| H. M. Bennett entered Gen. Averill | dr. |

Time, 2:41¼; 2:43½; 2:46½.

DEATH OF ANOTHER VALUABLE TROTTING HORSE.—Mr. William McDonald, of Baltimore, met with a heavy loss on the morning of the 4th inst., by the death of his valuable trotting stallion "Burlington." He died after a few hours' illness of inflammation of the bowels. He was about eight years old, was sired by George N. Patchen out of the thorough-bred Monmouth Eclipse mare, and was raised in New Jersey. He was purchased by Mr. McDonald for the improvement of the stock in Maryland, and was valued at $25,000. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that his sire died on the Sunday previous, as remarked in last week's CLIPPER.

## BALL PLAY.

### THE OPENING PLAY OF THE SEASON.

NOT since 1861 has there been a season that has opened more auspiciously for the welfare of the game than the present one; and the prospects are that we shall have one of the most enjoyable series of matches of any year since base ball was inaugurated as our national game of ball. The clubs commenced operations in April, the Star Club taking the lead in Brooklyn and the Mutual following suit at Hoboken; but May has thus far seen nearly every prominent club take the initiatory steps to enter upon an active campaign of match playing during 1864.

THE HOBOKEN CLUBS.

On Tuesday, May 3d, the Eagle Club opened play at Hoboken for the season, and they marked the occasion by having a lively game of ball in the afternoon and a game of hospitality over the festive board at their club rooms in the evening, in both of which some forty odd members participated, a larger crowd of Eagles being present on the occasion than have turned out on an opening day for several seasons past. A feature of the game of ball that was played was, of course, the induction of the leading players of the club on the new rules. Dr. Bell, of the Empire Club, was one of the players and occupied the position of pitcher, and as he was prominent as one of the framers of the amended rules in the Convention Committee, he was fully competent to explain the matters to those who desired information as to the correct definition of the amendments that have been introduced. The Doctor pitched every ball with both feet on the ground at the time he made the last swing of the arm. His style of pitching was this: he first stepped within the space of ground allotted to the pitcher—the same being twelve feet by three—and then placing his feet firmly on the ground, one foot touching the forward line with the toe and the other the back line with the heel, he deliberately pitched the ball, and, of course, without lifting either foot during any of the preliminary movements of the delivery. This is the correct definition of the rule, and it must so be observed by all pitchers, otherwise they render themselves amenable to the penalty of baulking. Salisbury, the pitcher of the Eagles, soon familiarized himself with the new style of delivery, and he will no doubt prove a troublesome customer this season to his opponents.

On May 3d, the Gotham Club had their regular opening day, although several of the members met for the first time on the previous Friday. Tuesday, April 26th, was the appointed day, but the rain of that day necessitated a postponement. The Tuesday that followed was not as propitious as it might have been—a gale of wind from the north-west making the atmosphere rather cool and unpleasant for ball-play, and this was one reason, doubtless, why there was not a more numerous attendance on the ground. Among those present we noticed Thorne, Stakem, Cohen, and the veteran Mingay, who is just as active in the field as in days of yore, when a Gotham match was nothing without him. The Gothams are going to take a pleasure-trip or two in the country this season, as ball-players, and, in view of this fact, we would suggest to the Philadelphians or Albanians, that if they want a good game with a gentlemanly set of ball-players, they had better at once challenge the Gothams to visit them for the purpose.

The Mutual Club turn out well on practice-days, we understand, for we have not yet had an opportunity of visiting their grounds to see for ourselves, and are preparing to hold their own this season with the best, if not to take the lead from the hands of their Brooklyn rivals.

The Empires muster well on practice-days now, and they are going to present a strong team this season in the way of a first-nine. They intend winning back the trophy they lost to the Stars last season, and also to mate it with another, and they will also give the Mutuals considerable trouble this season to defeat them, such a result being questionable.

The Active Club opened play at Hoboken on Saturday, May 7th. These youths are too good players to practice the bound game; they ought to follow the example of the Stars and Excelsiors, and practice the fly game, for that will undoubtedly be the regular game next season. The veteran Knickerbockers have not waked up yet apparently, for we have neither seen or heard anything of their having commenced play or when they intend doing so. We thought they had intended to rejuevnate themselves with some young blood, but it would appear that they are still in that lethargic state that has brought them to such a low ebb as a playing club. Their antecedents, we thought, would have been sufficient to have induced them to keep up an active organization instead of allowing the club to take a position in the rear as they have done.

THE BROOKLYN CLUBS.

Brooklyn was alive with base ball during the first week of May. Thursday, 5th inst., was the occasion of the opening of the new Capitoline Ball Grounds at Bedford. The weather on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday was all that could have been desired by the most fastidious ball player, those days being the most genial and spring-like we have yet had; in consequence, there was a numerous attendance on the ball grounds on all three days, especially on those on which the Atlantic and Enterprise Club opened play for the season. The Brooklyn clubs have now two enclosed ball grounds, by which permanent localities are secured to them on which to practice their game for years to come, and as soon as a ground can be purchased, another will be added to the list by the Excelsiors, whose former ground at South Brooklyn is to be built upon this year.

On Thursday, 5th, the Atlantics opened play for the season, and it was decidedly the most successful commencement of a season they have had for years past. Several hundred spectators were on the ground, and a very lively game was played, there being no less than sixteen players on a side, including Pearce, Smith, Chapman, Start, Pratt—who belongs to the Atlantic, and that club only—Sprague, ditto—Chapman, Pond, M. O'Brien, Galvin, and Joe Oliver. Crane and John Oliver were not on the ground in time for play.

The feature of the game was the ordeal the pitchers went through with in being inducted in the new style of pitching. With a view of having correct decisions on the pitching, a member of the committee on Rules and Regulations of the National Association was selected to act as umpire on the occasion, and as his decisions were endorsed by the Atlantic Club and the new rules fully approved of by the leading players, we give below the principal points decided as the rules of the game for the season. It was decided in the first place—as was the case at Hoboken when Dr. Bell pitched—that when the pitcher had either foot off the ground when he made the last forward swing of the arm in delivering the ball, he was guilty of a baulk. Pratt and Sprague both had baulks called on them when they first began to pitch in the game, because they made the forward step while in the act of delivering the ball.

The new rule, too, in reference to calling balls on pitchers who fail to pitch four balls—viz.: such as are over the home base, and for the striker, was strictly observed, and balls were called on all the pitchers, including Sprague, Pratt, and Chapman. The way it was done was this: The umpire, in Sprague's case, seeing that while standing square on the ground to deliver the ball he would not pitch straightly and accurately, too, warned him that he was liable to incur the penalty named in section 6 of the rules, unless he pitched balls for the striker, and as near as possible over the home base, after he had pitched two or three balls out of the legitimate reach of the batsman, called first one ball; and the next time a ball was pitched so nearly as to touch the batsman, or out of his reach, two and three balls, and then ordered the striker to take his first base. This enforcement of the rule led to fair pitching, and then began full play for the fielders and a lively and interesting game.

The above interpretation of the rules having been endorsed by the Committee on Rules and Regulations, the same is hereafter to be the only legal definition, and ball players, and especially umpires will please act in accordance with the same.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUBS.

What with the opening of the Union Ball Grounds at Philadelphia, and the proposed series of matches for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair, the game this season is going to be more lively in the Quaker City than ever before known, especially for so

## THE RING.

**INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better** gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 1-tf

**HARRY JENNINGS**
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

**ALBANY SHADES, No. 3 East Houston street.---**
JOHN DWYER, Proprietor. Mr. Dwyer hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that he has taken possession of the above elegant Saloon, famous for its superior Wines, Liquors and Cigars, and hopes by civility and courteousness to merit the continued patronage hitherto so lavishly bestowed upon him. EXTRA NOTICE.—Private Instruction in the Art of Boxing. 1-5t*

**THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS** has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 43-3m

**BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD** BILL TOVEE, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVEE,
1-tf No. 575 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

**"ED WILSON,"**
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 1-tf

**"CLIPPER SHADES,"**
52 MONTGOMERY-STREET, JERSEY CITY.
Best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. Clubs, Dumb Bells, Boxing Gloves, free for the use of visitors.
PETER MALLOY, Proprietor.
Private Instruction in the Art of Self-Defence. 1-11t*

**SPORTSMAN'S HALL,**
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now proprietor of this sporting hostelry, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.
Public Sparring every Saturday evening.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing. 1-7t*

**THE X-10-U-8,**
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS.....Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night. 52-tf

**THE CHAMPION! THE CHAMPION!!--Greatest** Music Hall and Concert Saloon in the City! No. 654 Broadway, between Bleecker and Bond streets. MISS KATE STANTON, Proprietor. The gorgeous decorations, architectural beauty, and capaciousness of this mammoth Music Hall are unsurpassed in the world. The most attractive and bewitching lady waiters are to be seen at the Champion. Superb Viands, fit for an emperor; grand orchestral music; an unsurpassed Shooting Gallery, under the superintendance of Prof. Julius Dorge. CHARLES GROVESTEEN, Manager and Director. Admission free! 1-3m*

**THE "STAR OF THE WEST,"**
202 CENTRE STREET.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON. [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

**THE LONDON TAVERN,**
No. 105 MERRIMACK STREET, BOSTON.
JACK TURNER.....Proprietor.
The above establishment is now fitted up in good style, and the Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars are of a superior quality.
The Art of Self-Defence Taught by Jack Turner. 4-4t*

## PRIZE FIGHT FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

MEETING BETWEEN

DOONEY HARRIS AND PATSY MARLEY.

PHILADELPHIA THE RENDEZVOUS,

GWYNNED THE STATION.

*Turn Out of the Fancy of New York and the Quaker City.*

ALL QUIET, AND THE BATTLE DECIDED ON ITS MERITS.

DOONEY HARRIS THE WINNER.

IT is an indisputable fact that we are indebted to "England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales," as we were taught to say when defining Great Britain in our boyhood days, for the pugilistic element of our distracted and bleeding country. If the art of boxing had to be supported by natives of the soil alone, we are inclined to think that "scrapping" for money would become a poor occupation. Look at the list of sparrers and boxers, and see if nineteen out of twenty do not trace their parentage to some land beyond the sea. Indeed, many will argue that the United States only had one real, genuine American fighting man, who was willing and anxious to box the best pugilist in the world, and fearing neither man nor the devil; that man was Tom Hyer, the Boss of them all when he was in the prime of life. Granted that there are but few good bruisers, native and to the manor born, it is a fact beyond all question, that the majority of the people are fond of seeing, hearing, or reading about a mill, particularly a good one, such as the double event between Harry Lazarus and Denny Horrigan, the long-drawn out pugilistic set-to between Young Barney Aaron and Johnny Monaghan, and some few other battles which took place in the States or Canadas. Few people care to look at a one-sided match, where one man has to do all the fighting, and what isn't interesting to look at does not become so when put to paper. The latest mill of the season, that between Patsy Marley and Dooney Harris on the 4th inst., was all lop-sided, for the foxey Dooney proved that he knew too much by half for the stoical Patsy. Before proceeding further we will give a brief review of the career of these, the latest importations from 'tother side.

Patsy Marley first saw stars and the light of day at Connemara, a town in Ould Ireland noted for its gay and festive Pathanders, who were ever ready for a raffle, shindig, or faction fight. Many were of opinion that he was not a Grecian by birth, but a descendant of modern Greece, as the first heard of him he was engaged in several off-hand turns-up in and about St. Helens, a nice little spot between Liverpool and the coast of Wales, and most people were under the impression that he was an Anglo-Saxon. Patsy is a fair-haired, blue-eyed Hibernian, with a good sized head-piece, and a regular fighting mug; his nob is set upon what would be termed "a regular bull's neck," and his shoulders and upper works are big enough for a six footer, although he stands but 5 feet 5 inches in height, (not 5 feet 4 inches as we unintentionally stated last week;) below the waist there is a falling off, and his pins are not much bigger than those of Australian Kelly's.

"Fistiana" only puts down three battles to Marley's name, but Patsy informs us that the present makes his thirteenth ring fight, which, considering that he is not yet twenty-five years of age, is a pretty good string. His first mill of any consequence was with Mug Andrew, for £20 a side, whom he licked in 7 rounds, 12 minutes; he then waxed Harry Anders for a 20 "quid" purse in 7 rounds, 10 minutes; beat Bill Magan for £25 a side in 54 rounds; beat Tinker Levins, Cheshire Champion, for £50 a side, 58 rounds, 1 hour 20 minutes; beaten by Harry Burgess, £100, 61 rounds, 1 hour 21 minutes; beaten by Jack Parton £100, 13 rounds, 21 minutes; draw with Con Orem, purse, 176 rounds, 2 hours 5 minutes, Oct. 27, 1863, at Port Penn, Del. Patsy also fought five other battles, but for amounts too small to be recorded.

Having a great desire to visit the New World, as his pal Jack Parton, had done before him, Patsy left the land which gave him birth to try his fortunes in the States, arriving in this city in August, 1863, and putting up at the house of his cousin, Tommy Churchill. No sooner was his arrival made known, than parties set to work trying to bring him and Jack Parton together again, and as "Pig Jack," as he was called in the old country, was willing, arrangements were about being made for them to fight in the same ring as Jimmy Elliott and Con Orem, but as that promising match unfortunately ended in a forfeit on Elliott's part, this fell through also. Soon afterwards, Marley gave an exhibition, and his old opponent, Parton, gave the wind-up with him: the benefit was a highly successful one, and put a "century" or two into Patsy's "kick." None were more anxious for a brush than Patsy, but it was not until the fistic tournament between Con Fitzgerald and Ned Wilson at Port Penn on the 27th of last October, that he had a chance to try himself in his new home.

A stranger among strangers, in company with our ring-reporter, he went on to see this fight, and told-that person on the cars that if they would raise a purse he would fight Con Orem in the same ring. This fact was made known to Con, who was a passenger in the same car, and "suited him to death," to use his own words. Although Marley was apprized of Orem's emphatic answer, he indulged very freely in "small ales," etc., during the night, while the Colorado chap would touch not, taste not, or handle not the intoxicating bowl, but got himself up as comfortably as circumstances would admit, and slept. On the morning, Patsy—who weighed about 175lbs, about 30lbs too fat, with his face puffed up as fat as a prized-fed hog, was a looker on at the big mill, and as there was lots of time after Con and Ned got through, he proposed to get up a purse forthwith, and half a hundred was collected by Harry Hill and the referee for John Condle and Patsy to have a shy for. This battle must be familiar to all our readers. Owing to the gameness, cleverness, and cunning exhibited by Marley on that occasion with a man who had received $300 forfeit from the Young Giant, fought Owney Geogheghan, and challenged all America, and that, too, when in no condition at all, Patsy's stock went up fifty per cent, and after the fight he was taken in hand by the late Charley Philips, of Albany, rigged out in "purple and fine linen," and tendered several exhibitions in the up-river towns. During the Pete Martin, Jimmy Elliott, and Con Orem trouble, Marley tried hard to get on with the Newark hatter, but it couldn't be did. In February, George Baker challenged him, but when it came to the "put up" Master Baker's words were all puff. Patsy now made a second trip to Philadelphia, renewing his old acquaintances and making hundreds of new ones. The origin of his present match will be found in our sketch of the life and adventures of Dooney Harris, of the Borough.

Dooney Harris, who is in his thirty-third year, was born in the Borough, London, and brought up in the Borough. He is the produce of Old Dooney Harris, a thorough game 'un of the old school. In his youth, Dooney was always a slim-built, active young fellow, and the sharp outline of his jib and cutwater, together with a peculiar searching look about his eyes, which are somewhat deeply set back, and his dark skin and capillary ornaments, made him a marked character; when once seen he cannot easily be forgotten. Dooney, who stands 5 feet 8 inches, was brought out by Joe Hoiles, the Spider, long time champion of the feather weights, and one of the best scienced men in the world. As is the custom in London, Harris used to be on hand at two or three sporting drums to teach the "nobs" and others the art of boxing, proving himself so proficient that he made lots of friends among the backers of pugilists, such as Jemmy Welsh and others, and was looked upon as an extremely clever young fellow. He was all of twenty before he was tried with the bare knuckles with another novice for £5, the result of which, as to the winner, is not recorded. His first ordeal of any consequence was when he fought Nick Hannigan, for £50, at Long Reach, on the 30th of January, 1855, 50 rounds in 106 minutes; in this battle Harris showed that as far as science was concerned, he could teach even Old Nick a lessons but his gait was of the tumble-down style, planting one or two stinging hits and then dropping to avoid the return or a clinch. So badly had Dooney operated on Nicks' physog, while he was almost without a scratch, that the fight was all his own; he had Hannigan almost blind, but strangely gave in, and Nick got the money after all. In speaking of this affair, *Bell's Life* of Feb. 5th, 1855, says:—"Upon time being called for the fifty-seventh and last round, Harris springing from his feet with an alacrity which showed that his strength was unimpaired, and rushing into Hannigan's corner, before he was off his seconds knee, said: 'Give us your hand, Nick; I shall fight no more.' Upon being asked the reason, Harris said that he had a pain in his side. The backers of Dooney looked unutterable things, while the backers of Hannigan appeared hardly to understand that they had won what they had almost given up for lost."

In his next encounter, over two years afterwards, with Joe Baldock, at Lower Hope, on the 30th of June, 1857, Dooney made up for his shortcomings in the previous fight, exhibited some fine points, and the cunning and skill of an old general, winning in 24 rounds, 45 minutes, almost without a mark. The police interfered, and they were compelled by the peelers to "move on;" but when the second ring was pitched, Joseph refused to re-commence hostilities, having had quite enough in the first ring to satisfy his present wants, and, although his friends kicked against the verdict, Harris eventually got the fifty "quid," as he deserved to.

The encounter which was most highly spoken of by his friends as putting Marley's performances altogether in the shade, was his desperate battle with Jem Dillon, for the small sum of a "tenner" a side, in the same ring as Mace and Travers fought in, "down the river," Feb. 21, 1860, when after fighting at catch-weight for 130 minutes and 52 rounds, Dooney's seconds gave in for him, owing to a severe fall he met with. In this mill neither man attempted to get down, but fought in the most unflinching manner throughout, and the sporting journals were loud in their praise of Dooney's gameness.

From 1860 to '63 Harris appears to have been on the shelf, but like many of his predecessors he had a desire to see the States, and, unheralded, he came amongst us very modestly, arriving in New York last December, going by the name of "John Marsh," and appearing for the first time in public at Bob Smith's and Izzy Lazarus' benefit in Newark on the 20th of December, creating quite a favorable impression. His second appearance was as second to Dick Hollywood in his fight with Johnny Keating, on the 11th of last January. Immediately afterwards the challenging between himself and Marley commenced, and they kept exchanging "cards" for about six weeks, but nothing resulted therefrom. A match was once half made for Harris to fight an Unknown in a room. The Unknown referred to turned out to be Owney Geogheghan, and both parties met at Aaron and Riley's, "Star of the West," 202 Centre street, on February 1st, but couldn't agree, and the match fell through. In consequence of this state of affairs, Dooney published the following challenge in the CLIPPER: "I am again compelled to look elsewhere for a match, and am open to fight any man breathing at 136 lbs; or I will give Patsy Marley 4 lbs. in weight, allowing him to be 140lbs., to fight in three months from the first deposit, for $1000 a side.

Both Marley and Harris were anxious to fight, but as in the old country, they wanted to get as much advantage as they could, and stood out for a long time for the sake of a pound or two in weight. Finally, at Joe Graham's benefit on Feb. 16, the old argument was resumed, and eventually resulted in fifty "cases" being put up in Harry Hill's hands on behalf of both men, to bind a match, Marley agreeing to confine himself to 141 pounds, Harris to be catch weight, and promising to meet again at Patsy's own house, "The Rising Sun," 68 Oliver street, on February 24, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, p. m., and either man failing so to do to pay forfeit. In accordance with these preliminaries, the "delegates" were out in strong force at the meeting house, 68 Oliver street, kept by the redoubtable Patsy Marley, on the aforesaid evening. As the hours flew by, and Marley's banker "failed to connect," things began to look squeamish, and when the time was up, Patsy had to go and hunt up the cash as best he could. As it was after the time specified before Marley's greenbacks were visible, Dooney's party at first claimed forfeit of the whole amount, but afterwards waived their claim on consideration of Marley's paying out a "tenner," which Dooney says he would not have taken had not Patsy caught him once before in like manner. They met at our office a day or two afterwards, when articles were drawn up in due form, and the match went along very quietly, there being very little excitement even to the day of the fight, except in and around Philadelphia. In due course of time Marley went into training under the care of Pat Murphy at Joe Cook's Sunnyside Hotel, but removed further out on Jackson Avenue a few weeks previous to the fight. We were told by Sunnyside Joe, that Marley didn't take to his work kindly, as he appeared to look upon his victory as a foregone conclusion. Dooney Harris took his breathings in company with Jimmy Elliott at Mark Maguire's, McComb's Dam, doing an immense amount of hard work, and that, too, without a murmur, doing everything that his trainer requested, and satisfying his friends to a hair. Having thus reviewed the career of the men, origin, and progress of the match, etc., we now come to the termination of the difficulty between the man from Connemara and he of the Borough.

At the weighing, which took place at 202 Centre street on the 3d inst., in presence of a good crowd of the right sort, Marley was found to be 1½ pounds under weight. Dan Noble was anxious to invest a thousand or two at $100 to $80 on Dooney, but Patsy's friends asked for bigger odds, and but little speculation was done. After the ceremony, the principals, in company with a couple of trusty friends, left town for Philadelphia as early as possible, thereby avoiding the rush, and securing comfortable quarters for the night a short distance from the city when they got there. The evening trains took out a big crowd from the Fourth and Fourteenth Wards, but hundreds were kept back, afraid of a second Port Penn raid, owing to the battle ground being so near Philadelphia, and fears of a "mill" ending in a "jolly row" all around; but we are pleased to state these fears turned out to be groundless.

When the sports arrived in the City of Brotherly Love, it was found that Marley was the favorite there at the same odds as Harris had been in this city, which was very cheering for Dooney's friends, who were brimful of confidence and invested their stamps readily as long as a "case" was left in their "ely," and profited thereby exceedingly well, particularly Jem Colbert, Dan Noble, and one or two other big betters.

As the "chosen spot" was but eighteen miles from Philadelphia, at Gynned Station, a famous milk depot in Montgomery County, on the North Pennsylvania Railroad, hacks, coaches, and traps of all kinds were in demand all Tuesday night and up to daylight in the morning, the cabbies having their own price and charging most exorbitantly. Those having the "tip," however, went to the depot at Germantown and by paying cents where verdant greens paid dollars, were transported over the ground in "less than no time," as the stakeholder since remarked.

Arriving at the station, the march was taken up in regular procession, to the first woods near the getting off place, distant the best part of a mile, where no time was lost in pitching a ring, the stakes for which were cut from the trees by Johnny Monaghan, and the ropes, instead of passing through holes in the wood, were tied around the stakes. When the ring was complete, the difficulty of selecting a referee was gotten over, after considerable time had been wasted, by choosing Dan Kerrigan, a fair and honorable pugilist, every way competent and conversant with the rules of the ring.

This done, Dooney Harris showed his bronzed, sharp-looking mug, uncovered his nut, and whipped his head gear over the ropes, following it by getting in himself amid much enthusiasm from his partizans. In about half an hour afterwards the bold Patsey was observed toddling towards the ring, and was soon alongside with his castor, which he threw inside the ring, and followed suit by entering it himself, in company with his seconds, Kit Burns and Johnny Monaghan, and Tommy Churchill for his umpire. His colors were a green dotted wipe, with red and yellow border. Harris had for his seconds that experienced young light weight, Barney Aaron, for one, and Jimmy Elliott, "the coming man for the Championship" as his friends believe, for the other: Captain Rocky was Dooney's umpire. His fold was a blue dotted silk as near the Belcher tie as could be procured in the city. Elliott having won the toss for choice of ground for his man, the corner with the highest ground, and with his back to the sun, was selected for Harris, which, considering that the sun was up and in the sky, made considerable difference and was bad for the Connemara lad.

At twenty seven minutes past eleven, the men, with their seconds, advanced to the scratch, and all shook hands; after retiring to their respective corners, the two combatants approached each other in the centre of the ring, for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. Marley's square-built form, long body, with short legs, although less in inches than his opponent, loomed large and formidable as he approached his man with the light, springy step of a teacher of dancing, his left arm low and close to his side, and the right advanced and across his breast; Harris neared the scratch cautiously, both arms pretty well straightened, his form erect, and feet rather close together, a quiet smile on his face, but every movement evincing caution and a determination to feel his antagonist before he gave a chance away. Marley was evidently anxious to be at work, and confident of himself; offers of $50 to $40 on Marley's first blood went begging. The men being in close proximity, not much time was lost. Marley's anxiety at once brought on the work, and Harris, in return for a feint from Patsy's left, let fly his left smack on Patsy's right eye, and in return for one of Patsy's on the left side, planted his left again on the right eye, and getting out of danger, again advanced, getting his left on the right and his right on the left cheek, making a cut from which the blood flowed, this winning the first blood for Dooney. In the rally, Patsy was not idle, fighting at the ribs, but was eventually fought down.

2. Both up quick,—Harris with a broader smile of confidence, and Patsy, though in a hurry to return the damaging compliments of the last round, somewhat crest-fallen; but he rushed to work, letting fly his right at the body, which he missed, and Harris's also missing; on Patsy again getting close to his man, he feinted with his left, letting fly his right at the ribs, which he reached, Harris administering the left on the right eye, his right on Marley's left ear, drawing blood: Patsy rushed to in-fighting with his right at the ribs, and scarcely using his left. Harris fought on the retreat, with long shots, but always making them tell: in the rally he was bored to the middle stake, on the left of his corner, where, receiving a blow on the breast and slipping at the same time, he fell against the stake, and Patsy at his side. The claim of first knock down was made for Marley, but not allowed, Harris having slipped down by accident. Dooney was carried to his corner without a mark, while Marley was bleeding from mouth, nose, left eye and ear, and the right eye was in a closing condition.

3. Although breathing heavily, and showing the effect of Dooney's oft-repeated visitations, Marley was not slow to time; he started with his left, and then let fly his right short at the ribs, Harris getting his left on the right side of Marley's face, sending him to the left, and visiting the left auricle with his right. Rapid fighting now took place, Marley willing to play the game Harris desired, (that is to make the fighting); Dooney planted both hands in return, just where he wanted them, and Patsy was sent to grass by a flush hit from Harris's left on the right eye, *winning first knock down*, and the two events.

4. Patsy was now bleeding freely, and the shape of his face was being rapidly changed by the visitations of Dooney's left. Harris invested a little more with his left on Marley's mouth, receiving slightly on the body, and fought Marley down with both hands.

5. The punishment and fast fighting was telling on Marley; his right eye was nearly gone; from several slight cuts, the blood slowly oozed, and also bleeding from the left ear. He did all he could to turn the tide in his favor, but Harris got on with both left and right heavily, while Marley was blowing and much distressed. After some light exchanges, Patsy got down, evidently trying to get a chance to win by a foul blow, but Harris was wide-awake and could not see it. Claims of foul were made at this time, and Patsy's adherents were in a state of great excitement, four or five rushing across the ring to Harris's corner, using expletives and threats, and several revolvers were drawn. By the influence of Kit Burns, Marley's second, the belligerents were finally restrained, and the referee ordered the fight to "go on." From this time the result was almost a certainty for Harris, and his carefulness left but a small chance for any fair claim of "foul;" the referee could not have acted more impartially than he did, and he deserves the utmost credit for his manly uprightness throughout the fight. This shows the necessity of placing a man in the position of referee whose knowledge of the rules of the P. R., and moral and physical courage can not be intimidated by brute force, or acted on by feelings of friendship or interest.

6. Harris now took the initiative, and pushed the fighting, for Patsy was weak, and his blows, when they reached their destination, had no apparent effect: Dooney planted his ever-active left all over Marley's dial, and upper-cut with his right at every possible chance, which Marley freely gave him in every round, by feinting with the left and trying the ribs with his right, and throwing forward his head, in close proximity to Dooney's left, which was upon the spot with never failing precision. As above stated, Harris went to work at Marley's dial with both hands most effectually, and generally drawing blood from old or new incisions; Marley was trying at Dooney's body and ribs, but receiving all the time; he was eventually fought down.

7. Patsy's face was all out of shape, and bleeding freely; he sparred for time, and Harris quietly allowed him to do so. Marley at length made one more feint with the left, and Harris got away smiling; after some slight terpsichorean figures by Patsy, he rushed to his old-fashioned conclusion, and received right and left, and was finally thrown, a burster.

8. Patsy now began to change his tactics; he made each round as short as possible, by feinting with his left and trying his right at Dooney's side, and, when in danger, dropping suddenly on his knees, looking up in Harris' face, by which means the latter had a fair chance of admiring his handiwork, and hitting Patsy foul. Harris got in both left and right, with some effect, and Patsy's drop-game missed him a formidable upper-cut. The referee admonished Patsy.

9 to 17. Those rounds were much alike. But little punishment was given to Patsy, as Harris had to be extremely careful, there being an evident intention on the other side to make the fight a win, tie or wrangle, Patsy getting down as speedily as possible, notwithstanding the admonishings of the referee. Thirty minutes had now elapsed.

18. This round was a better one than many preceding, and Patsy got on the body twice, for which he received an equivalent on the face and head, with one or two as interest on the breast and body, when he got down.

19 to 22. Harris got on each time lightly, and Marley at once got down.

23 to 27. Were very similar, Dooney doing a little execution each time, and giving away no chance, as he had the game in his own hands; Patsy either got down or was fought down. Forty-five minutes had elapsed.

28 to 31. Each round Marley got down, and seemed to be entirely blind of the right eye; his nose and upper lip were dreadfully swollen and out of shape; he was bleeding freely from the mouth, nose, cuts on the face and forehead, and his left ear was bleeding and much swollen. In this last round he was fought down with some punishment, and, so far as any chance existed to win, the sponge might have been tossed up any time.

32 to 34. In these rounds, Patsy got down without much punishment, Harris looking down at his piteous appearance with a satisfied, though sorry, smile on his face.

35. This was a better round, and Patsy visited his opponent's ribs twice, but without effect, while he received on his already softened frontispiece, and on both sides of the head, and was forced down.

36. They got quickly at it, when Patsy seized Harris by the shoulder and waist, and both fell side by side.

37. Patsy came up slowly, and was evidently suffering. Harris got in his left on the closed right eye, and seized Marley round the neck, dragging him to the ropes, where he held him without much damage till Patsy got down.

38. Patsy's weakness was now more apparent than ever, and in making one of his useless lunges with his right at Harris's ribs, he received his opponent's left flush on the nose, and was knocked down.

39. This was speedily ended by Patsy getting down.

40. Harris was a little riled, and got on rather heavily with both hands, and repeating his one, two, fought Patsy down.

41 and 42. In both these rounds Patsy was fought down.

43. Patsy tried his right, but was short, and got down.

44 to 47. Patsy was fought down, but not much injury was received.

48 and 49. In both these rounds Patsy tried his right, and immediately slipped down out of harm's way, but not before napping it each time from Dooney's left and right.

50. Harris again turned on the tap from Patsy's left ear, and fought him down, receiving twice on the body with no apparent effect.

51. Harris crept at once to his man, apparently intending mischief, and getting in his left on the proboscis he missed a very nasty upper-cut, which Patsy escaped by getting down. Cries of "Take him away!" "Shame! Shame!" "He can't win."

52 to 54. These rounds were speedily at an end by Patsy getting down to avoid.

55. Harris did not appear to be wishful to force the fighting, and Patsy shifted his base several times, and, to oblige, Harris walked across his side of the ring, rubbing his hands and nodding his head at Patsy; at length both drew nearer, and Harris, avoiding Marley's right, let go his left on the blinded eye (both being in nearly the same condition) and sent poor Patsy to grass.

56 to 69. These rounds were nearly all similar, except in the amount of punishment administered to Marley; he not having a chance to win, and his blows having no more effect than the setting of a fly on a pound of butter. Dooney administered the same punishment in the 56th, 61st, 62d, 64th, 66th and 69th, at the end of which an appeal was made from Patsy's side, but the verdict was "Fight on."

70 and last, was short as could possibly be; Harris went in right and left, seeing that Marley was both weak and suffering, and fought him down without resistance, the man being scarcely able to stand, and the sponge was thrown up in token of the brave fellow's defeat, much against his will; but Kit Burns seeing no chance, very humanely took upon himself the right to do so, and thus the St. Helen's youth suffered a most signal defeat in seventy rounds, occupying one hour and thirty-five minutes.

REMARKS.

In this contest Harris has proved that he possesses an amount of skill and crafty cunning almost equal to the late Yankee Sullivan, and it is generally believed, had he not met with the accident to his left side in the second round, which he afterwards complained of as being very painful, he could have completely blinded his opponent in one half the time. He fought with the coolness and judgment of an old general, which he is, and by "kidding" Marley on, landed on his frontispiece almost where and when he pleased. Patsy showed no more regard for the punishment he received than a chump of wood, and is one of the gamest of the game. His game was, by aiming his blows at Dooney's body, to test his constitution, as it is about the body where an old stager first gives signs of the effects of age, but his blows had little or no effect on those parts visited most. Dooney withheld all about the serious accident he met with at the commencement of the fight even from his seconds, and if, instead of punching away at Dooney's right side, Patsy had planted his blows on the other side of his body, he might have left some tokens of his handiwork. This battle goes to show the relative position of Con Orem as compared with other boxers, and places the much vaunted man of Colorado considerably lower in the pugilistic scale, as Marley fought him over two hours and had him fearfully punished when in no condition at all; and Harris, hitherto looked upon as only a second-rater, goes to work and licks Marley when in condition without receiving a black eye; in fact, without a scratch, we might say. Marley was over confident, and held Harris altogether too cheap; his condition, too, was against him, for as early as the second round his face was swollen and puffed up, showing that he never dreamed of getting it so hot and heavy about the mug. Harris, on the contrary, worked like a racehorse, and though having but little to say before the fight, when he did talk of it, he spoke with a firmness and deliberation which foretold that he was going to try his best for victory. He deserves the greatest credit for the fair and manly way in which he fought, disdaining to drop or get down, although those tactics were frequently adopted by the other party, and on several occasions he complained of Marley having butted him with his head very low down. As his first essay in the American P. R., he has done nobly. Marley exhibited regular bull-dog courage, but, although he tried all he knew how to win, the fates and Dooney Harris were against him, and he was licked on his merits. Except the pain in his side, Dooney was almost as fresh as when the fight commenced, and gave no outward signs of being engaged in a prize fight.

GIVING UP THE STAKES.

The stakes dependent on this match, to wit, $1000, will be given up to the conqueror, Dooney Harris, at the stakeholder's saloon, No. 26 East Houston street, at 3 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday, the 11th inst., when there will be speeches, singing, and merry making. Harry Hill has engaged the impecunious Tom the Boatman to get up a grand chowder, and as in Weehawken and Bull's Ferry's palmiest days Sir Thomas Bowen had no equal in making chowders, so may it be even unto the present day. Let us hope that the loser will not be altogether forgotten on this occasion.

ARREST OF JIMMY ELLIOTT.

As Dooney's trainer and second was returning from Philadelphia on Thursday morning, May 5, and when about to get off the train at Jersey City, he was arrested by Officer Kilcauley, on the charge of being principal in a mill at Weehawken with Jim Dunn last May. It will be remembered that the police appeared on the ground when the fight was in progress, and arrested a number of the spectators. Elliott, however, managed to make his escape. A requisition was procured from Governor Seymour, and diligent search made for him in New York, but his whereabouts could not be ascertained until he was seen coming off the "owl" train from Philadelphia, when he was at once taken into custody and locked up. It is supposed by his friends that Elliott was "given away," to use an expressive term understood among the sports, by some vindictive person, an enemy of Jimmy's, as it is believed; had he not been pointed out or spotted, the officer would not have known him from any other man. He was taken care of for a couple of days, but subsequently released on bail.

RUMORS OF FRESH MATCHES.

The late battle has of course given Harris a boost in the sporting world, which will cause him to be looked upon as a "star" hereafter, and as he has earned himself a good name in his first essay in his adopted country, we hope he'll keep it unsullied. As a natural consequence, there are several boxers anxious to have a box with Dooney, and at Milage Cornell's benefit a well-known horse jockey informed us that Owney Geogheghan was open to fight Dooney Harris for $2000 a side, at 135 or 136 lbs., if that proposition should suit the friends of Harris. We believe, however, that no such match will ever come off, as Dooney's backers are anxious to have him "tie up milling" and settle down in business here. As another proof that he is not likely to fight again, the Borough gladiator, we are informed, has sent for his wife and little ones to join him here, and if so, he will be very foolish if he doesn't hold on to that which he has now got—a reputation as a pugilist equal in tactics and cunning to the late Chris. Lilley.

MARLEY TO HAVE A BENEFIT.

Patsy Marley, conquered, but not disgraced, arrived in the city from Philadelphia on the morning of the 7th ult., and, we are glad to learn, takes a benefit at the Stuyvesant Institute on Monday, May 23d, when he and Dooney will probably fight their battle o'er again, but with more harmless weapons than the bare knuckles, to wit, with the gloves. Give the Connemara lad a welcome.

DOONEY GOING ON A TOUR.

Harris is anxious to have everybody know that all challenges aimed at him for the next two months will be useless, as he is going off on a sparring tour in company with Jack Leonard. Those interested will therefore make a note of it.

THE WINNING COLORS.

Dooney Harris wishes to inform those friends who have taken his colors, that he will be happy to meet them at 26 East Houston street, on Wednesday, May 11th, between the hours of 2 and 3 o'clock, P. M.

## A FEW MORE ITEMS CONCERNING THE PRIZE FIGHT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

MARLEY'S CONDITION AFTER THE FIGHT.

Marley's condition on the conclusion of the fight was deplorable. In a very short time after the sponge was thrown up he was totally blind and wholly prostrated by punishment and weakness, but there is no danger of any fatal result. As to the danger of his losing the sight of both eyes, as stated in a morning daily, there is not the most remote possibility. His eyes are simply closed by the contusions occasioned by the frequent visitations of Harris' left hand, and his evident want of condition. A few days' care and attention will reduce the swelling and allow him the full benefit of his optics. He feels his defeat most acutely, and in mind and body is considerably depressed.

HARRIS' CONDITION.

Dooney has not escaped altogether Scot-free. In the fight with Dillon, in England, he had three ribs broken on the left side, and during the late fight he came in collision with one of the stakes forming the ring, which again injured him, and his rib or ribs are no doubt fractured again. It was only known to himself, and at the end of each round, on being conveyed to his corner, he hugged the stake for supporting strength. With this exception, he is as well as a man can be, and shows no signs of his late encounter.

DESERTION OF THE BEATEN MAN.

Some two hours after the fight, Marley was found about six miles from the battle field, along with his trainer. Both were deserted, and did not know how or where to proceed, being afraid of arrest. Mark Maguire and some others found them at the Washington Camp Hotel, and as nothing had been done for poor Marley's contusions, the Samaritan Mark at once got warm water, washed the sores, and applied other remedies to his wounds. If he did not actually pour oil into his wounds, he did something more in these days of gold at nearly cent. per cent.—he gathered sixty-three dollars for the brave Patsy, hired a horse and wagon, and if they did not depart for Philadelphia actually rejoicing, it must have been from want of feeling and gratitude.

THE BETTING AT THE RING SIDE.

The offers of $100 to $75 in Marley's corner previous to the men fighting, were not very eagerly taken, but Harris stepped over to Patsy and offered to bet $500 even, which Marley did not entertain, but $200 a side was afterwards bet by the two men. After the second round, Harris' friends invested heavily at evens, Dooney having offered the safety of any greenbacks invested in his favor. Considerable money was handed to numerous bankers till the end of the fight. As things progressed, the Harris stock rose, not by degrees, but by more rapid movements than even General Grant is famed for making. $100 to $60, and even $100 to $25, could not be invested.

THE ROUTE AND CONVEYANCE TO THE QUAKER CITY.

On nearing the station, a train of cars without the propelling power was discovered, and an anxious rush was at once made for them. The cars were rapidly filled, and numbers procured tickets. It was soon discovered that no passenger train would start before half past four, it being one o'clock at the time. A train of wood cars came along just then, and the enquiring mind of some one tempted the question of "How far is this train going?" "Philadelphia." A dozen had scarcely taken their seats, ere it was covered with bipeds "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." The sanguine all got on board, and the halt and the doubting all halted at Gwynned. After short advances by the snorting engine, and still shorter masterly retreats, the train of wood and mortality was fairly on its way. One car was piled with short staves, and the weight of its superabundant human load and the motion of the car speedily displaced the foundations, and the falling of a thousand (not bricks) staves admonished the upper crust freight of their danger, and the vicinity of an exploding shell could not have more suddenly been abandoned than was that particular vehicle.

Some impromptu conductors tried their hands, but it was no go, and when the real Simon Pure came along, he only asked for tickets, which some had, but others, who had got out their currency, did not seem to understand that that was what he wanted, and quietly restored the money to their purses for refreshments in Philadelphia. The timid conductor did not rake much from the wood train passengers.

When once fairly on the road (not to the rebel capital) the impromptu passenger train soon reached its destination, and a speedy debarkation and scamper was made, as a numerous body of police was seen in the vicinity. But all went smooth, each took his own quiet way, and the neighborhood was soon relieved from the motley crowd.

## JOE COBURN'S FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

HIS LAST APPEARANCE AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS MAY 10—GREAT BELT PRESENTATION—OFF FOR IRELAND ON THE 14TH.

As Jem Mace has covered Coburn's £50, and our Champion has to meet the British Champion on the 31st of the current month to sign articles, it will be necessary for him to set sail on the 14th inst., four days after his

## THE BITER BIT;

OR,

### The Farmer's Blunder.

A farmer once to London went,
To pay the worthy 'squire his rent;
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains,—
Who at the door such guests detains?—
Forth struts the 'squire, exceeding smart—
"Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;
"You've brought my rent then—to an hair?
"The best of tenants I declare!"
The steward was called, the accounts made even,
The money paid, the receipt was given;
"Well," said the 'squire, "now you shall stay
"And dine with me, old friend, to-day;
"I've here some ladies wond'rous pretty,
"And pleasant sparks, I warrant will fit ye."
He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said—"No, zur, two words to that;
"For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
"With gentlefolks zo cruel fine,
"I'ze use to make, and 'tis no wonder,
"In word or deed some plag'y blunder;
"Zo, if your honor will permit,
"I'll with your zarvants pick a bit."
"Pho!" says the 'squire, "it sha'n't be done,"
And to the parlor push'd him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes;
With often bidding takes his seat,
But at a distance mighty great.
Though often ask'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam serv'd with body bended,
With knife and fork, and arms extended.
He reach'd as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table;
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops.
To show where most his heart inclin'd,
He talk'd and drank to John behind.
When drank to in a modish way,
"Your love's sufficient, zur," he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honors.
"Pish!" says the 'squire, "pray keep your sitting."
"No, no," he cries, "zur, 'tis not fitting;
"Tho' I'm no scholar vers'd in letters,
"I knows my duty to my betters."
Much mirth the farmer's ways afford,
And hearty laughs went round the board;
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next—Ah! what befel?
The dishes were now timely plac'd,
And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd;
When drank to by a neighboring charmer,
Up as usual stands the farmer;
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to his servant softly spoke:—
"Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
"And pull away the farmer's chair."
'Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to set him down;
But by his posteriors overweigh'd,
And of his trusty seat betray'd,
As men at twigs, in rivers sprawling,
He caught the cloth to save his falling;
In vain, sad fortune, down he wallow'd,
And rattling, all the dishes follow'd.
The fops they lost their little wits,
The ladies squall'd, some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkeys, tarts, and widgeons,
And there minc'd pies, and geese and pidgeons,
A pear pie on his belly drops,
A custard pudding met his chops.
Lord! what ado 'twixt belles and beaux',
Some curse, some cry, and rub their clothes;
This lady raves, and that looks down
And weeps, and wails her spatter'd gown;
One spark bemoans his spatter'd waistcoat;
One. "Rot him, he has spoil'd my lac'd coat."
Amidst the rout, the farmer long
The pudding suck'd and held his tongue;
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speech,
First rubs his eyes, mouth, and nostrils twangs.
Then snaps his fingers and harangues:—
"Plague tak't, Ize tell you how'd t'would be;
"Look here's a pickle, zurs, d'ye see?
"And some I'll warrant that make this chatter,
"Have clothes bedaub'd with grease or butter,
"That cost—" He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career;
"Peace, brute, begone!" the ladies cry:
The beaux' exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"
"I'll tear his eyes out!" squeaks Miss Dolly;
"I'll pink his soul out!" roars a bully.
At this the farmer shrinks with fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, "Aye, kill me then,
"Whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the 'squire
To cool the sparks' and ladies' fire.
Thus ends my tale;—and now I'll try,
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of the nation,
Ne'er to place men above their station.
And this may show the wanton wit,
That while he bites, he may be bit.

## THE FEARLESS CHAMPION.

### A Sketch of Life in Arkansas.

Some three or four years after the admission of Arkansas into the Union, a young man, whom we shall call Arther Granger, a native of Ohio, went to Little Rock, to set up the practice of law. He was then about three-and-twenty years of age, small, slender, and effeminate-looking, with light hair, almost beardless face, and dark blue eyes. His dress, though not exactly foppish, was altogether too fine, neat and precise to suit the taste of men who always seemed prepared for roughing it in the backwoods, as most of them had done at one time and another; and he was moreover a stranger from the North, who had perhaps come there to display his learning and pick up their money; so that, from the very first, he was regarded with suspicion, aversion and contempt.

The first six or eight months he got no practice whatever, notwithstanding he was regularly at his office, or the court room, watching, waiting and hoping; and he was about to give up in despair, and betake himself to another locality, when one day, a tall, lank individual came shuffling into his apartment, and, after surveying him keenly from head to foot, said, as he helped himself to a seat:

"See here, young hop-thump, is there anything in you?"

"Yes—my breakfast?" replied the young lawyer, with a quiet smile.

The other stared at him a few moments, and seemed undetermined whether to consider the reply a joke or an insult. He finally grinned at it, and proceeded:

"I mean, do you know anything?"

"Oh, yes, something," answered the lawyer, pleasantly. "I know the difference between chalk and cheese—a horse and horseblock."

"Can you write?"

"I have written my name before now."

The stranger drew a newspaper from his pocket, opened it deliberately, pointed out an article, handed it to the young man, and said:

"Read that!"

"Aloud?"

"Yes."

The young lawyer complied, and read a tirade of the most scandalous and scathing nature, against one Miles Gregory, the Democratic candidate for the State legislature.

"Well," demanded the stranger, when he had finished the article, "what do you think of that?"

"It is pretty severe."

"I believe you. Do you 'spect thar's another man in the State of Arkansas that can write as scorching a thing ag'in the Whig candidate?"

"If there were facts to justify it, I doubt not such an article might be produced," replied the young lawyer.

"To thunder with your facts!" cried the stranger excitedly; "facts ha'n't got nothing to do with politics; thar's no facts in that; it's all lies, from beginning to end. I'm Miles Gregory, and I ought to know. I'll give fifty dollars to anybody that'll write as savage a thing as that ag'in Joe Perrin."

"When do you want it?"

"Now—to-day."

"Without regard to facts?"

"They han't got nothing to do with it, I tell you."

"Very well, if you will call in a couple of hours, I will show you something to match it."

"If you'll do it or the half on't," said Miles Gregory, rising to leave, "I'll put you in a way to make a fortune."

He went out and returned at the appointed time, and the young lawyer had the article ready. Without descending so low as the model in vulgar epithets, it was even more terrible in its withering sarcasm. Gregory could scarcely contain himself while the young lawyer was reading it, and as soon as he had done, he bounded from his seat with a yell of triumph, and, seizing the delicate little hand of the writer, almost crushed it between his great bony fingers.

"You've done it young man," he said with an oath, "and you'll soon have something better to do than sit here staring at blank walls. Here's your money—the only difference is, I've concluded to make it a hundred instead of fifty—but that's my business, so none of your nonsense."

He rushed out with a triumphant laugh, leaving the young lawyer to ruminate upon his first fee, and the possible consequences of his becoming a conspicuous individual in that fighting region.

The next week the article appeared in the Democratic paper, and created a great sensation. One political party was delighted and the other chagrined. Who was the author? Nobody knew. The *quid nunes* were puzzled. Every known writer's style was duly considered, but something in the article differed from each. Could it be that a new Junius had come among them? The Democrats were anxious to find out, to do honor to their champion; and the Whigs, that they might contrive a way to silence him. Nobody suspected the beardless lawyer. In fact, if he had openly avowed it, the chances were that he would have been kicked for a boasting liar.

Three individuals only knew anything about it—the writer, the candidate, and the proprietor of the paper in which it appeared. To the last, indeed, was due the fact that the secret had been kept so close. The moment he first read the article, he acknowledged the power of the writer and demanded his name. Gregory gave it without hesitation. The journalist was surprised. He had seen the puny lawyer, he said, but never dreamed there was such stuff in him.

"How did you find him out, Gregory?"

"By a blunder. I got into his office by mistake, and then something just kind of struck me to try the thing on—a sort of experiment, you know."

"Does any one else know anything about it?"

"Nary a one."

"Then see here—this must be a secret of honor between us! I am going to secure this young man to write leaders for me—he is worth his weight in gold—but no body must know who he is, and I am almost certain he will never be suspected. Remember, Gregory, if the secret gets wind, I shall blame you!"

"All right; I'm dumb."

That very day Arthur Granger was secured at a handsome salary, to write such articles as the editor required from week to week; and it was further arranged that the matter should be kept a profound secret; and, to avoid suspicion, the parties were only to meet when absolutely necessary, and then either clandestinely, or openly as strangers. The effect of the first article we have already mentioned; but when, on the succeeding week, some three or four more appeared of the same stamp, if anything even more caustic and cutting, directed against the whole party, and individual members besides, the excitement increased, curiosity became eager, and wonder grew apace. And each succeeding week but added fuel to the flame. Democrats grew triumphant and the Whigs furious; and when, the parties being nearly equally divided, the former carried the election by a respectable majority, the latter grew desperate, and raved like madmen, denouncing the unknown writer as a liar and a coward, and making a standing offer of a thousand dollars to any one who would disclose his name.

"If you are discovered, Granger, you will have to quit the region on short notice!" said the proprietor of the Democratic paper to the young lawyer, during one of their stolen interviews.

"Why so?" asked the latter quietly.

"Because your life will be in danger!"

"Will they murder me?"

"At least they will insult and challenge you, and you will have to run or fight."

"Suppose I fight then?"

"And be killed."

"I must take my chance, of course. I shall be entitled to the choice of weapons, at least."

"What then? what can you do? You are not heavy enough for the Bowie, and your antagonist will be a dead shot."

"By your leave, he may be shot dead himself!"

"Ha! can you shoot?"

"With one of my hair-triggers I can snuff a candle at ten paces."

"You amaze and delight me. Where did you learn to handle the pistol with so much skill?"

"For the last two months I have been practicing daily, in the woods just out of town, preparing for such a crisis in my fate, which I have all along foreseen."

"By heavens!" exclaimed the other, grasping the young man's hand with increased admiration, "I am just beginning to know you, and I am proud of your acquaintance! To tell you the honest truth, I never supposed there was any more fight in you than in a girl of sixteen; and for a young man to be challenged in this region and refuse to fight, is to be forever disgraced; not even the genius of a Shakespeare, with the wisdom of a Solomon, could give you any more influence over these people; therefore I believed you would be compelled to leave the State."

"Mr. Bradley," rejoined the young man with compressed lips, and a peculiar gleam of his dark blue eye, "I hope and pray it may never be my fortune to meet an antagonist on the so called field of honor; but should such be the case, mark me—*I may fall, but he will die!* Let us change the subject."

The crisis came. Accidentally the secret was discovered, and in less than twenty-four hours Arthur Granger received three challenges to mortal combat from three different parties. He called upon Mr. Bradley, his employer, to act as his friend and second, and assured him he was ready to fight them all.

"My dear friend," said the journalist, grasping his hand, "this is serious business. These men are all practiced duelists, and considered dead shots. They intend to kill, that is certain; and to be candid, I see little hope of your escaping all three. I am not sure that you should accept more than one challenge at present."

"Oh yes—all!" returned the young hero, positively. "Please arrange the first affair for sunrise to-morrow morning—second for half an hour later, and the third for half an hour later still. If I escape the first, I shall be in time for the second; and if the second, the third will not be kept waiting. If I fall before I give each a chance, of course I shall have to be excused."

Bradley threw his arms around the neck of the young lawyer and fairly hugged him, so great was his admiration of his coolness and courage.

"If you live through this ordeal," he said, "you can aspire to any office in the gift of the people of this fighting State."

The meetings were arranged according to the wish of Granger, and at the appointed hour he was on the ground with his friends; and so were his antagonists with theirs; and so, in fact, was half the excited town of Little Rock, who had come out to witness the fight, see fair play, and if need be, take a hand on both sides—a part as friends, and apart as foes.

The preliminaries being arranged, the principals of the first duel were placed ten paces apart.

"Be firm, steady, and fire at the word!" said Bradley, as he shook the hand of Granger, and withdrew.

There were a few moments of breathless suspense, and the fatal sign was given. In an instant the arms of the combatants were raised like two levers of iron. Young Granger stood firm, with the blood trickling down his face from a slight furrow in his forehead, ploughed by the ball of his antagonist, who already lay stretched out on the earth, shot through the brain.

"Hit, but not hurt," said the young lawyer, coolly running his finger along the wound, as his excited friends rushed up to him.

Such skill and courage were enough for even fighting Arkansas. A hundred stalwart men gathered around our delicate little hero, and swore his life should not be put in jeopardy again, to please himself or anybody else; and placing him upon their shoulders, they bore him off back into town in triumph, his two waiting antagonists nowise regretting the whim of the spectators that had saved them from standing before such a fatal marksman.

From that day forth the star of Arthur Granger was in the ascendant. He subsequently married a lady of fortune, and rose to the highest honors the State could give him.

Great mental abilities could only be appreciated in Arkansas when united with great physical courage, and then the road to distinction lay open to the fortunate possessor of both.

Though the names above given are all fictitious, there are many persons living in the North who have heard the voice of Arthur Granger in the halls of our National Congress.

## PEG WOFFINGTON.

### Her Last Appearance on any Stage.

Fair and frail Margaret Woffington—the daughter of an Irish brick layer, the pupil of a French rope dancer, and, eventually, the darling of English society, and one of the most popular members of the Beef Steak Club—played Macheath as a child in a booth, and from the age of seventeen to twenty was on the Dublin boards. Here (dispite her harsh and unmanageable voice) her success was so great—in characters ranging from Ophelia and Sir Henry Wildair—that she was engaged in 1740 by Rich for Covent Garden, where, in the last-named character, she held the town spell-bound for weeks. One susceptible damsel, believing "Sir Harry" to be a man, made him an offer of marriage; and though Walpole, writing at this time, asserts that she is "a bad actress, but has life," and his friend Conway, while confessing that "all the town was in love with her," describes her as an "impudent Irish-faced girl"—yet even these fastidious gentlemen became converted, and Walpole himself speaks subsequently of her excellent acting. The most beautiful and least vain woman of her day, unaffectedly charitible, clever, vivacious, and able—no wonder that her company was sought by "men of the first rank and distinction," and by "persons of the gravest character." Tradition says that when she and Garrick were living together, they alternately supplied the expenses of the household, each being at the head of the latter for a month.

During Garrick's terms, the table was but moderately supplied; but when "Peg" was hostess there was a banquet and brilliant company daily. "Is not this tea stronger than usual, madam?" said Johnson, visiting at the house during Margaret's month, "it is as red as blood." Whereupon, we are told, the liberal lady significantly smiled. Outspoken independence was one of the great points in her character. Once, when advertised to appear in a favorite part, she pleaded indisposition, and declined to go to the theatre. The next night, in coming on as Lady Jane Gray, she was greeted with a storm of hisses, and a demand that she should "beg pardon." *Then* she walked off the stage in magnificent scorn, and when, not without difficulty, she had been induced to return, she calmy faced her excited audience with a "*now, then,*" sort of a look, and tacitly said:—"On or off; it must be as you please; to me it is a matter of perfect indifference." The treatment was successful, and up to the time of her last appearance she had nothing but pettings from the audiences. This was in Rosalind in 1767. When she came off early in the fifth act she complained suddenly of being ill, but rallied, changed her dress, and once more trod the stage defiantly of fate. Again she yielded to the coming blow; but her self-will carried her to the epilogue; and she had began with awful gaity the words: "If I were among you, I'd kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me——" when the once saucy tongue was smitten with paralysis, and Margaret Woffington, with a shriek of abject terror and amid the cries of a commiserating audience, disappeared from the stage forever. In the meridian of her beauty, but weary of her calling, and ashamed of her life, poor Margaret died, penitently and slowly, at Teddington; so slowly that the end did not come until three years after she was dead to the stage.

## GODIVA.

I WAITED FOR THE TRAIN AT COVENTRY;
I HUNG WITH GROOMS AND PORTERS ON THE BRIDGE,
TO WATCH THE THREE TALL SPIRES; AND THERE I SHAPED
THE CITY'S ANCIENT LEGEND INTO THIS:—

Not only we, the latest seed of Time—
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past—not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
I loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent and overcame
The women of a thousand summers back—
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry; for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay we starve!"
She sought her lord and found him where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay their tax they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?" "But I would," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then filliped at her diamond in her ear.
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So let alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should trace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets on her knee:
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till last she saw
The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one; but even then she gained
Her tower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

## COPY OF AN OLD PLAY BILL.

Through the kindness of a friend we have been favored with a play bill of the Philadelphia Theatre, bearing date March 27, 1820, being the last performance given there before the theatre was burnt down. We give a copy of the bill, just as printed at that time:

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.
LAST NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE THIS SEASON.
For the Benefit of MR. PULLEN,
Treasurer of the Theatre.
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1820.
Will be presented the Comedy of the
SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Governor Heartall..Mr. Warren | Frank Heartall.....Mr. Wood |
| Malfort, Senior....Mr. Wheatly | Malfort, Junior....Mr. Hughes |
| Captain Woodley.....Mr Darley | Ferret.....Mr. Hathwell |
| Timothy Quaint.....Mr. Burke | Tom.....Mr. King |
| Simon.....Mr. Crampton | Mrs. Malfort.....Mrs. Jefferson |
| William.....Mr. Carter | Mrs. Fidget.....Mrs. Simpson |
| Footman.....Mr. Martin | Mrs. Townly.....Mrs. Bloxton |
| Widow Cheerly...Mrs. Entwisle | Susan.....Mrs. Crampton |
| Julia, Malfort's child..... | Miss H. Hathwell |

The Epilogue will be spoken by Mrs. Entwisle.
After the Play, the favorite
ECHO SONG.....by.....MRS. BURKE
And the
SAILOR'S HORNPIPE, in character.....by.....MRS. H. WALLACE
After which, a New Melo-Drama (second time) called
THE RUFFIAN BOY,
founded on Mrs. Opie's admired story of that name, written by W. Moncrief, Esq., author of "Wanted, a Wife," &c., &c., and performed in London the last season with great applause.

| | |
|---|---|
| Baron de Waldemar.....Mr. Hughes | |
| Giraldi Duval, the Ruffian Boy.....Mr. H. Wallack | |
| Wolf.....Mr. Hathwell | Maurice.....Mr. King |
| Bertram.....Mr. Jackson | Guiseppe.....Mr. Burke |
| Bruno.....Mr. Crampton | Solomon.....Mr. Burke |
| Tietwig, the Gardener.....Mr. Blissett | |
| Soldiers, Robbers, Masquaraders, &c. | |
| Principal Dancers, Mrs. H. Wallack, Misses Durangs, Hathwell, Seymour, &c. | |
| Ethelinda.....Mrs. Darley | Christine.....Mrs. H. Wallack |
| Madame Steinheim..Mrs. Lefolle | Edith.....Mrs. Crampton |
| Catherine.....Mrs. Burke | Margaretta.....Mrs. Bloxton |
| The Baron's Children.....Misses H. and C. Hathwell | |

PRINCIPAL SCENERY, &c.

A Robber's Cave—Gothic Chamber—Castle Garden—Landscape—Splendid Masquerade, &c. In the course of the piece a Desperate Combat between the Ruffian Boy and Waldemar—Ruffian Boy is Defeated and Imprisoned—His Escape and Death.

In Act 2d an
HUNGARIAN WALTZ AND A PAS SEUL.....by.....MRS. H. WALLACK

The Box Book will be open on Saturday.
Doors will be opened at a quarter before 6, and curtain rises at a quarter before 7 o'clock, precisely.
Box, one dollar; Pit, seventy-five cents; Gallery, fifty cents.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.—The ticket taker at the gallery of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, is a very bashful *creetur* when ladies are about. On the eve of Miss Heron's arrival in the city she visited the theatre—the R. and L. of which she was ignorant—and standing before this Cerberus of the *tripel passages*, she asked him to pass her up the cork-screw spiral ascension that winds its way to the regions above; but a bashful shake of the head was all the return made. "What! Can't you pass me up there?" said the lady with a smothered laugh of mischief sparkling in her eyes. "Oh, do let me up." "No, madame, this is no place for a lady to go; this is the colored gallery." "Well, do you think my merits can't reach the gallery? I'm no white lady; I'm only Miss Haron." Here a merry laugh that made Bashful jump in his seat, startled him into the full sense of the joke play'd off on him, and seizing a pencil, he wrote the following on the back of (Camille) a play bill, which was afterwards picked up by a reporter:

MISS HERON AT THE GALERY.

*Or, Genius Trying to Dead-head it Among the Gods.*

While sitting alone in my old arm-chair,
Like Cerberus watching the portals,
A goddess histrionic petitioned me there
To visit the sable immortals.
Ah, no; 'tis no place for the white and the pure,
Said I, as polite as *M Cerres*,
Me white; good sir, you're mistaken I'm sure:
You see, I am only Miss Heron.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

### To Correspondents.

FRANK H. THURBER, Boston.—Thanks for the "carte." "Do us a service in Boston," of course you can. Go up to the club, and give half a dozen "o' them fellers" a good (Chess) drubbing, and send us the games; they've actually left us without a Boston game in our portfolio.

COL. JOHN TILSON, New Rossville, Ga.—We have not seen the paper for months, so cannot answer you. We shall be most happy to hear often, Chessically, from you, or your officers of whom you speak so highly.

H. A. B., Detroit.—We think we can serve you in the matter of those games—will try. Mr. Lichtenhein was the only player encountered hereaway by Mr. Elder whom he did not triumphantly conquer; with him he stood just even. He did not play with our contributor Mr. Brenzinger. See his fine games contributed to our columns.

GEO. E. C., Tarrytown.—You would have greatly enhanced the interest and value of your introduction "on board" by furnishing your name. The contributions shall be examined.

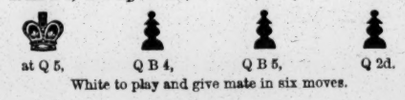
READER, Indianapolis.—Thanks for your very flattering epistle; we should certainly be happy to receive some specimens of your own and friend's skill. Books sent. Your projected Chess enterprise ought to be a perfect success; let us know if you enter upon it.

### Enigma No. 428.

An elegant and masterly invention.

BY DR. CONRAD BEYER.

at his B 5, K B sq, K 4, K B 4, Q B 2, K R 3d.



at Q 5, Q B 4, Q B 5, Q 2d.

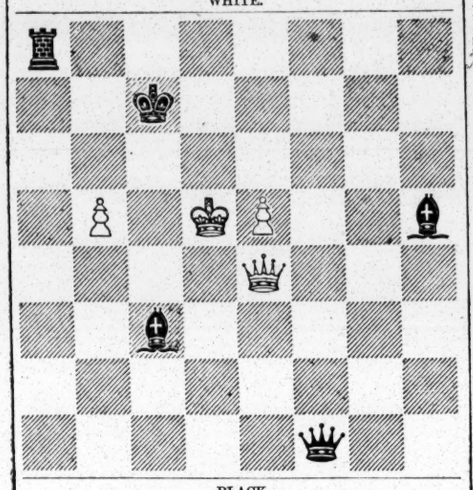
White to play and give mate in six moves.

### Problem No. 428.

Prepared from actual play for beginners.

BY A. Z. HUGGINS.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

### Game No. 428.

Played in the Philadelphia Chess Club between Mr. G. Reichhelm and H. P. Montgomery, Esq.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

| Attack, Montgomery. | Defence, Reichhelm. | Attack, Montgomery. | Defence, Reichhelm. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 13..K Kt to Q 2 | P to K Kt 4 |
| 2..K Kt-B 3 | Q Kt-B 3 | 14..P-K 5 (*a*) | Kt P × B |
| 3..P-Q 4 | K P × P | 15..P × Q P | B × Q P |
| 4..K B-Q 3 | K B-B 4 | 16..Q R-K sq | Q-K B 2 |
| 5..Castles | K Kt-K 2 | 17..Q-K 4 | Q Kt-K 4 |
| 6..P-Q B 3 | Q 2d P × P | 18..B-Q B 2 | Q B-K 3 |
| 7..Q Kt × P | P-Q 3 | 19..Q × R 2d P | K R-Kt sq |
| 8..Q Kt-Q 5 | Castles | 20..P-K B 4 | R-K Kt 5 |
| 9..Q B-Kt 5 | P-K B 3 | 21..Q-K B 2 | Q R-Kt sq |
| 10..Q-her Kt 3 | K Kt × Kt | 22..B P × Kt | K B-B 4 |
| 11..Q × K Kt + | K-his R sq | 23..Q × K B, and the Defence gives mate in three moves. | |
| 12..Q B-R 4 | Q-K 2 | | |

(*a*) If he retreat B to Kt 3d he loses his Queen.

Singular skirmish in the Leipsic Club between Herren Saalbach and Pollmaecher.—*Bell's Life.*

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

| Saalbach. | Pollmaecher. | Saalbach. | Pollmaecher. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..P to K 4 | P to Q B 4 | 5..P to Q 5 | B P × P |
| 2..K Kt-B 3 | P-K 3 (*b*) | 6..Q Kt + P | K Kt × P |
| 3..Q Kt-B 3 | K Kt-K 2 | 7..K Kt-K 5 | P-K Kt 3 |
| 4..P-Q 4 | P-K B 4 | 8..Q-K B 3 | Q-her B 2, |

And the Attack gave mate in five moves.

(*b*) Gets served right for adopting such an execrable opening.

## CHEQUERS.

A MAN INSTEAD OF A KING.—In Drummond's Position of two weeks ago, place a Man on 12, instead of a King.

### To Correspondents.

L. H. MARSH, Boston, Mass.—Your position appears this week, and it's a "good 'un." If you have any more of the same sort, let 'em come.

A. C. M., Orange & Alexandria R. R.—We have examined your position. The *first* is not practical; the *second*, if *correct*, is very fair. If it bears analysis it shall appear. Certainly, try again. Why not?

OSCEOLA.—Wylie is certainly among the best, and for *ingenuity* stands A 1.

PRESENTATION TO MR. JAMES WYLIE, THE DRAUGHT CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN.—On Wednesday evening, the 13th ult., at Glasgow, Scotland, the friends of Mr. James Wylie entertained him at a supper in Mr. McLerle's establishment, for the purpose of presenting him with a splendid draught-board, on which was engraved the following inscription: "Presented to Mr. James Wylie by his backers after he defeated Robert Martins, of London, at the game of Draughts, for £100, and £5 a side on each game, and the Championship of Great Britain."

There were upwards of fifty gentlemen present, and after a sumptuous supper and the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman rose to make the presentation. In the course of an excellent speech he said: "Mr. Wylie has invented and matured many fine games. 'Wylie's Exchange' is the perfection of fine play. The 'Fife' is a noble game; put all our Glasgow players to 'Defiance;' his 'Invincible' is still invincible—a draw. His 'Ayrshire Lassie' is a magnificent game. I give Mr. Wylie great credit for naming it so happily. Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety and beauty. In this last grand match, I need only say that it was fairly won by fair play, and the conditions of the match were the most severe test of play that could be contrived. We are proud of Mr. Wylie as a man, as a Scotchman, as a player, and I am proud to be the medium of presenting him with this board as a token of the esteem in which he is held, and the ability he has displayed."

Mr. Wylie responded; expressing his sincere thanks for the handsome manner in which he had been entertained, and especially for the appropriate presentation now made, indicating his determination at all times to vindicate the good name of Scotland as containing the best draught-players in the world. He was ready to meet any one, at all times, come from what quarter he might, and do fair battle with him at this friendly game.

### Game No. 5--Vol. XII.

FIFTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

BRISTOL.

| Martins, Black. | Wylie, White. | Martins, Black. | Wylie, White. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1..11 to 16 | 24 to 20 | 13..18 to 22 | 17 to 14 |
| 2..16 19 | 23 16 | 14..10 17 | 21 14 |
| 3..12 19 | 22 18 | 15..8 12 | 26 17 |
| 4..9 14 | 18 9 | 16..19 23 | 27 18 |
| 5..5 14 | 25 22 | 17..15 22 | 28 24 |
| 6..10(*a*) 15 | 22 17 | 18..6 9 | 13 6 |
| 7..7 20 | 20 16 | 19..2 18 | 17 13 |
| 8..8 12 | 16(*b*) 11 | 20..18 23 | 24 19 |
| 9..12 16 | 29 25 | 21..16 20 | 11 7 |
| 10..3 8 | 17 13 | 23..4 8 | 7 2 |
| 11..1 5 | 25 22 | 23..20 24 | 12(*c*) 7 |
| 12..14 18 | 22 17 | Martins won. | |

(*a*) A new move, and the losing move. Anderson plays 8 to 11 for this move for a draw.

(*b*) Daring—but sound, and sure to win.

(*c*) Martins played this game in fine style, and made every move tell after his 5th move.

### Solution of Position No. 4, Vol. XII.

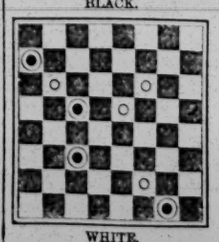
BY W. S. KNIGHT.

| Black. | White. |
|---|---|
| 1..6 to 10 | 9 to 5, or 14, |
| and Black wins. | |
| White. | Black. |
| 1..4 to 8, or anything else, | 9 to 5, 14. |
| and wins. | |

### Position No. 5.--Vol. XII.

BY L. H. MARSH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

### Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Black to move and White to win.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

### The Ring.

#### A GALLANT FIGHT BETWEEN SAMKINS AND SMACKER.

On Tuesday, April 19, was witnessed a rare stirring bout between two big 'uns of the coal district—rough and ready with a vengeance. The principals were Sam Hickman (alias Samkins), of Dudley, and Charley Harper (Smacker), of Gornell, catch-weight, Harper fighting £10 to £8. Hickman, who was trained under the veteran Posh Price, of Birmingham, is a stiff built fellow of 29 summers, 5ft 8in, and his weight within a shade of 11st, and was well up for his job. Harper, who had George Holden, of Walsall, to look after him, is a tall fellow, close on 6ft, 23 years of age, and weighing about 11st 8lb. Neither man has hitherto figured in the ropes, although they have distinguished themselves in a rough encounter or two. Harper, having won the toss for choice of place, named Holly Lane, near Walsall, a well-known pugilistic resort, and thither both men, seconds, backers, and a host of followers repaired, arriving shortly after seven o'clock. Here, however, the spoilers of fun were in waiting, and nothing remained but to return, or give them the slip. After some little dodging, they got to Pelsall Common, and luckily found the cost clear. Another stoppage, however, was at hand, that indispensible, a referee, not being selected, and another half-hour was cut to waste, when a burly gentleman of the coaly tribe consented to act, and the order was given to strip, the lads entering the ring simultaneously. Hickman was seconded by Sulphur, of Dudley, and his trainer, while the brothers Holden did the essential for Smacker. At a quarter to nine the usual formalities were gone through for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The men presented a marked contrast, Smacker, though well-made, and muscular about the shoulders, being decidedly bad about the loins, where he is finely drawn—while Samkins is well modelled, and of a stiffer build altogether. There was a considerable amount of money invested at evens on the result, which had previously ruled at 5 and 6 to 4 on the young 'un. The men no sooner got together than business commenced forthwith. Sam at once drove home a sweetner on the chest, following up by a shot on the side of the nut; big 'un being anything but idle, as he planted well on the chest and mouth. Still his blows told no tales, partly owing to the fine condition of his opponent, but more to the habit which he has acquired of hitting open-handed. Ding-dong to a close, when both went down, Sam under.

2. Very similar to the above. Sam again got on heavily left and right, Smacker returning somewhat wildly. Rare, slogging work, the heroes pasting each other right merrily; both down at the finish, Sam under.

3. Was still more in favor of Sam, as he landed terrifically on the right ear, completely slitting it, and drawing the carmine from both Smacker's hearing organs simultaneously. (First blood for Sam.) He followed up his advantage by a swinging round-arm delivery on the side of the canister, which staggered Master Smacker, and sent Sam down from the force of his own blow.

4. Smacker slow to time, and looking bothered. He made a rush head downwards at his man, for which he suffered, as Sam caught him a tremendous blow on the side of the *caput*, which floored him instanter. (First knock-down for Sam.)

5. It now appeared any reasonable odds on the Dudley man; still it must not be imagined that Smacker took it all without a return, as he fought right and left most resolutely, but, from the reason assigned above, did not punish his man at all severely. They got to work at once, ding-dong all over the ring, Sam getting cleverly down at the finish.

6. Smacker weak, and both somewhat slower. After an exchange of blows, Sam landed a refresher on the bridge of his opponent's nose, an ugly cut, from which the carmine was visible. Smacker retreated a pace or two, and then made a rush at his man, landing well on the chest; another exchange, and Sam down to avoid.

7. Both men pasted each other in truly merry style, getting all over the mark, and fighting to a close, when both were down, Sam under.

8. Both slow to time, Smacker showing considerable punishment about the ear, nose, and left peeper, Sam much flushed, but with hardly a scratch. Sam got right and left on to his opponent's day-lights, who returned on the mouth-piece. Smacker made an attempt to clutch his opponent, who, however, got clearly out of danger.

9. A rare slogging bout, all fight, Sam delivering a rib-bender, Smacker on the top of the cranium. After a few more exchanges, Sam got down to avoid.

10 and 11. Both men fought with the most determined energy, no flinching, every blow of Sam's telling, still Smacker persevered most gamely, and did all in his power to restore matters to an equal footing, Sam firmly clenching his fist. They fought to the ropes, when Sam went down.

12. For the first time, Sam showed signs of weakness, but his opponent's position would not enable him to take sufficient advantage of the turn in his favor. They no sooner got together than, after scarcely an exchange, Sam went down somewhat suspiciously, and the referee was appealed to. After cautioning the offender, he ordered the men to fight on.

13. Contended on pretty equal terms, both fighting to the ropes, when Sam got down.

14. Sam's saving system brought him up strong again, and he commenced pasting his man all over the phiz, who returned gamely, but without much effect. They got to close work, when both came to grief, Sam undermost.

15. The Dudley man had again got the turn, and invested heavily on the chest, ribs and dial, Smacker taking it all in good part; at the finish, both down side by side.

16. Smacker's figure-head showed much ornamentation, as he had collared most severely, still he kept to his work, but only to have an additional plaster, as his opponent again laid it on thick, Smacker returned to the best of his power, still his chance was virtually out. A cry of police, at this juncture, proving only too true, a move was made further afield, when, after some considerable dodging, another spot was pitched on, and Sam was again ready for action, but wanting for company, as the long 'un was not forthcoming. After waiting a considerable time, the referee had no other alternative but to give in his decision for the Dudley man. Both the combatants were "pinched." It appears that the referee after giving in for Hickman, visited the enemy's camp, as he subsequently told the men to fight again; meanwhile, Hickman claims a win, to which we consider he is entitled. The matter still rests unsettled. The chances are against the men meeting again.—*Ill. Sporting News, April* 23.

JOE GOSS VS BILL BROOME.—This match, which promised to be unusually interesting, is "off by consent," both men having agreed to draw. Goss receives back £75 and Broome £70. Joe, not wishing to remain idle, will make a match to fight any man in the world from 10st 8lb to 11st, for not less than £100 a-side.

ANOTHER MILL NEAR PLYMOUTH.—A pugilistic encounter came off on

Whitworth representative was within eight yards of his wonderful opponent. Albison was made favorite, and such was the desire to get on, that 2 to 1 was for a time laid on him, till the "Treacle" commission was sent in, when the betting became speedily at evens, and in a few minutes 2 to 1 was laid, and afterwards offered on Sanderson. The men made a good start, Siah leading for about 100 yards, when Sanderson went ahead, making the pace more severe. After a quarter had been run, he was quite half a dozen yards in advance, and gradually going away from Siah, was more than a dozer yards first at half a mile; in fact, the race might be called now over, Siah appearing almost entirely to have lost the staying powers he used to possess. On the other hand, Sanderson ran at his leisure, making victory more certain by creeping farther ahead, and when rounding the last turn he gave a look round and eased himself. Siah kept on until within 100 yards of the tape, when he gave up, dead beat, forty yards in the rear. The pace was not good throughout, as the following time will show, although it must be borne in mind that Sanderson was never pushed, and that Albison ran a beaten man after the first 200 yards, having had so much sprint practice of late no doubt being the cause of his not staying the length properly :—First quarter, 1 min. 1¾ sec.; half-mile, 2 min. 10¼ sec.; three-quarters, 3 min, 19¼ sec., and the entire distance, 4 min. 34 sec.

ELEVEN MILES INSIDE OF AN HOUR.—On Monday, April 11th, at Norwich, Brighton, (the Norwich Milk Boy) was matched to run 11 miles in an hour. White of Gateshead was on the ground, and many of the leading sportin r men of the city. Brighton was announced to be on the mark at 5:30 p. m., but it was a few minutes to six before he made his appearance in his running costume. He seemed in excellent condition and ran in his usual light, graceful style. On the signal to start being given, and without the least apparent effort, he ran the first mile in 4min 58sec. In the second mile he still kept swiftly on, but the time occupied in getting over the 13 laps rose to 5min 12sec. In the third mile he held on with admirable regularity, and ran the distance in 5min 10sec. The neat, adroit manner in which he rounded the four corners in each lap was much admired. In the fourth mile the pace began to decrease, but still Brighton held on wonderfully well, getting over the 13 laps in 5min 20sec. In the fifth mile he again slightly recovered himself and ran the distance in 5min 17sec. In the sixth mile the same sustained regularity was displayed, the time only rising to 5min 18sec. In the seventh mile, however, some fatigue began to be apparent, and the time occupied in traversing the 13 laps went to 5min 31sec. The same result was observable in the eighth mile, the time being further carried to 5min 37sec. In the ninth mile, there was again a slight rally, the ground being got over in 5min 33sec. In the tenth mile the speed, as was to be expected, further decreased, and 5min 43sec were consumed in it. Brighton had thus occupied 53min 40sec in getting over 10 miles, and he showed some anxiety as he passed the timekeeper to know how his hour held out. He was informed that he had plenty of time, having, as will be seen, still 6min 20sec left for the eleventh and last mile; but it was evident, nevertheless, that he made an effort to close the affair with spirit, and he got over the last 13 laps in 5min 31sec, thus accomplishing the entire distance in 59min 11sec. He was not very much distressed at the close, although, of course, somewhat exhausted.

THE BRITISH TURF.—The indications at the present time promise an unusually brilliant season for the turf in England. Our American representative, R. Ten Broeck, intends entering the campaign with the expectation, we believe, of adding considerable to his stock of lucre. For the Newmarket first spring meeting, his horse Paris is one of the first favorites. In regard to this horse and his owner, "Augur," no mean authority, thus augurs in the *Sporting Life* of April 23 :—"Paris, who won the only two engagements he was wanted for as a two year old in a common canter, is entitled to be classed as one of the best, if not the best, of the two year old performers we saw out in 1863. With health, and the intentions of Mr. Ten Broeck on his side, he appears to me to be the only dangerous rival of Fille de l'Air. The fierce opposition he has encountered in the market, however, would indicate that there is a screw loose somewhere, and speaking candidly, he has had all the appearance of being "a safe-'un." No horse can possibly be more improved, and I am sure that a finer galloper never put a hoof on Newmarket Heath. Is is currently reported that he is a roarer, or "a high blower," but your correspondent, the indefatigable and intelligent "special commissioner," has never been able to discover any symptoms of such an infirmity. Mr. Ten Broeck is a particularly difficult gentleman to fathom, and I should like to know why Paris has been doing such rattling gallops this week, astonishing the horse-watchers at Newmarket, unless mischief of some kind were intended. Should Paris eventually come to the post, he will have the assistance of Fordham, and if a reliable reaction should take place in the betting, I should strongly advise your readers not to oppose the son of Mildew. The horse will, I hear, be tried this (Saturday) morning, and the result will soon indicate itself in the tone of the market, though I scarcely doubt his being able to pull through in his private "fly" on the Heath."

THE CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER of England, John Roberts, is about to sail for Australia to exhibit his skill with the cue. On May 20th, previous to his departure, he is to play a match with Dufton, giving the odds of 400 in 1000. Can't you, either going to or returning from Australia, bring New York in your route, John, and give our champion Dudley Kavanagh a shake up?

## OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

### THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE.

MR. J. HENEAGE CARTER, the proprietor and manager of the above named troupe, has been connected with the show business for the past fifteen years, and has during that period travelled over 250,000 miles and visited every state in this country, both north and south, besides paying several visits to Europe. In 1857 he traveled through Texas, and in eight months cleared $5,000 with a "curiosity" show. The following winter visited Cuba, and in a few months cleared $5,000 more with two exhibitions. With the $10,000 thus acquired, he immediately started for England with an "American Entertainment" (which he had long had in contemplation)and in which, besides a magnificent Panorama being used, Carter personated the following peculiarities of American character: Yankee, Negro, Fireman, Waiter, Newsboy and Indian. When about getting the exhibition fairly before the British public, he was taken down with a severe attack of rheumatism, from which he is not yet near recovered. His sickness caused the "entertainment" to be discontinued at a great loss. He has since done considerable business in Cuba, having been lessee of every place of public entertainment in Havana, with the exception of the Grand Opera House.

The idea of getting up a "Zouave Drill," one of the principal features of the present troupe of little girls, originated with the manager of the "Carter Zouave Troupe" from the fame of Col. Ellsworth making a trip round the country with the famous Chicago Zouaves; also, from the fact that the manager had at the time a little boy (one of his present troupe) who was doing a few drill motions in connection with "Carter's Curiosity Exhibition" in the Island of Cuba, and which was received with much applause by the people of Havana. On the 22d of June, 1861, Mr. Carter, accompanied by his little boy, left Cardenas for New York, for the double purpose of getting medical advice for a severe attack of rheumatism, with which he had long been afflicted, also to obtain a number of little girls for the purpose of teaching them the "Zouave drill." When he left Cuba he promised his company to be back in from two to four months with the said girls. Upon his arrival in New York he obtained seven little girls from 7 to 11 years of age, paying the parents of the same a monthly salary for their services, besides boarding, clothing, and traveling expenses.

After a few months' training, they made their *debut* in Albany, at the old Green street Theatre, then under the management of John Smith, the bill-poster of that city. This was in November, 1861. They performed there to full houses for one month, and received the highest praise from both press and public. Instead of going to Cuba that winter, they took engagements in many of the principal cities of the Union. The CLIPPER spoke well of them when in Albany, which notice was copied into the Western papers. Also, on the 7th of March, 1862, our correspondent, "Young Rapid," wrote to the CLIPPER as follows, from Philadelphia : "Sanford's Minstrels continue to do a good business. The Carter Zouave Sisters have been engaged here, and they are the great attraction. They are very talented, and I take pleasure in recommending them to managers throughout the country. It is so seldom that real talent is met with here, that when it does appear it should be encouraged. Their Zouave drill is the most perfect thing I ever witnessed. They are wonderfully versatile."

About a year from the time of their organization, the company having much improved in other respects, besides their Zouave drill, commenced giving exhibitions alone, under their present title, having in the mean time added one or two male performers as musicians. In the fall of 1862 they were on the Mississippi River, and traveled East for the purpose of sailing to the West Indies to join Mr. Carter's other company. They came East as far as Harrisburg, Pa., where they opened on New Year's Day, and their business was so good there for ten nights, that Mr. Carter concluded to forego his trip to Cuba and remain in the States a little longer. He accordingly started West again, visiting all the principal towns and cities in that section of the country, and doing a bigger business than *any other* kind of a show in that part of the country.

In Louisville they performed at the Masonic Temple to the largest audiences ever congregated within that Hall, notwithstanding the weather was extremely hot.

In the Fall of 1863 they again came East for the purpose of visiting the West Indies, as Mr. Carter was anxious to see his Curiosity Show in that country, which he had not seen since June, 1861. On the 9th of November, 1863, the troupe took passage on the steamship Corsica for Nassau, N. P., where they performed thirteen nights to crowded audiences. From thence they sailed to the Isle of Cuba, but, finding that the amative dispositions of the inhabitants were too great to risk a company of young girls with, and not wishing to share the same fate of the Keller Troupe, and knowing that he had left a good and sure business in this country, he very wisely packed up and took passage for this city, arriving here in January, 1864, and immediately started on a traveling tour through the New England States, where their success has been immense. The company has increased from eight to twenty. No troupe has ever given more satisfaction to the public than the Carter Zouave Troupe, and none are more entitled to their patronage. From Sig. Prospero Gerard, the Harpist, down to the smallest one in the troupe, all do so well that it is difficult to speak of any particular one. Yet we cannot refrain from referring to the Excelsior Jig by Miss Jennie, and the Double Jig by Miss Jennie and another little one, which are executed in a superior manner. Miss Ada makes a capital Irishman, and in the farces, is immense. Miss Minnie (the eldest), on the slack-wire, is very clever. Gerard's imitations are good, and his solos on the harp excellent. But the great hit of all is the Zouave Drill, which is the perfection of exact and regular movement. The lightning rapidity with which they execute every movement is truly wonderful, and we doubt very much if there is an old and well-drilled company that can stick arms with the same ease these children do. Besides all their other astonishing abilities, the young ladies perform on brass instruments, forming a complete brass band. The whole entertainment is one of the best we have ever witnessed, and we are glad to see that it is so successful.

THE SHAVERS.—An old rhymster says :

The barber shaves with polished blade,
The mercer shaves when ladies trade,
The broker shaves at twelve per cent,
The landlord shaves by raising rent,
The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,
The tapster shaves in pints and gills,
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,
The banker shaves in his own notes,
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,
The pedlar shaves wherever he goes,
The wily merchant shaves his brother,
The people all shave one another.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTERISTICS OF THE DOG—COMPOSED BY A LITTLE BOY.—The dorg is a very useful animal. The dorg watches things; he watches crows and sheeps and men's coats when they are at work. He is good at watching things. You should not strike the dorg, for if you do he will bite you. If you don't strike him, he will wag his tail and won't bite you.

## OUR GAME BAG.

THE SPORTING CONDUCTOR.—We know a jolly railroad conductor in this city who owns a fine turnout and lives pretty fast on a small salary. Remarking upon his blooded mare to a stable-keeper in the presence of a crowd the other day, he asked him what he supposed her pedigree to be.

"Pedigree!" exclaimed the stable man, "any body can tell that. Is it possible you don't know?"

"Of course I don't know—how should I?" responded the conductor. "Pray tell me, what is her pedigree?"

"Why," replied the stable keeper, "she's out of Railroad, by Conductor, of course!"

The crowd took the joke and laughed, and so did the conductor.

A GRATEFUL PEOPLE.—"A Card" in a country paper returns thanks to a clergyman, and the friends and neighbors for "*so kindly assisting at the death* and burial" of the father of the advertisers. This is probably more than they meant to say.

TOPPING OFF.—

Hodge to the Squire's once went to dine,
And drank his full of beer and wine.
Next day, being asked how he had fared,
Says he, "D'you know I summut stared
That arter guttlin' soup and fish,
An' wenson in a silver dish,
Plumpoodden, an' sich things as these,
They browt me in plain bread and cheese!"

GOOD FOR SOUND.—Handel used to console his friends when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they lamented that the house was so empty by saying, "Nevere moind, de music vill sound de petter."

FIGHTING THE TIGER.—On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport, as you hunt the tiger," he replied, "but if hard pressed he sometimes takes it in his head to hunt you, and then it has drawbacks."

A PAIR OF SHOES GONE TO THUNDER.—A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five story building, upon which had fallen rain. The roof being slippery, he lost footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes, and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself : "I know'd it; there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder!"

A HEAVY BLOW.—A subscription paper was recently circulated through the ——— congregation, with the following very charitable object in view :

"We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to pay the amount subscribed for the purpose of paying the organist and a boy to blow the same."

HE LIKES BIRDS.—"Oh, I'm so glad you like birds. What kind do you most admire?" said a young wife to her husband.

"Ahem! Well, I think a good turkey, with plenty of dressing," said the husband, "is about as nice as any."

IT'S MY DEAL.—A sleepy deacon, who sometimes engaged in popular games, hearing the minister use the words "shuffle off this mortal coil," started up, rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed :

"Hold on! it's my deal!"

A BOLD SMACK.—In a story of the courtship of a loving couple, after all had been arranged, and matters "fixed up," the narrator says :

"Here their lips came together, and the report which followed was *like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mire!*"

THE TWO BABIES.—A good story is related of our honest, good natured old friend S——.

"In the course of human events," S——'s wife was blessed with a baby, which, of course, was a most wonderful child. S—— was in raptures, as he was in duty bound to be, and bragged considerably about his boy among his friends. One day as he was going home to dinner, he was overtaken near his door by a waggish neighbor, whom he invited to see the prodigy.

P—— demurred, alleging that he was in somewhat of a hurry—was no judge of the article, etc., but S—— would not listen.

"Oh, come in," said he, "and I'll show you something that'll open your eyes; come along, don't be afraid."

Thus urged, P—— consented, and in they walked. Mrs. S—— was apparently absent, but in one corner stood the cradle, in which was ensconced the fast asleep S——'s future hopes.

"There," said he, gently drawing down the quilt, "there's a good boy for you!"

Saying which, he gently lifted the slumberer out of his warm nest, and holding him out in both hands, continued—

"Talk about your boys—let 'em get up and beat this. What dy'e think of him—isn't he a specimen? That'll do pretty well for new beginners, won't it, eh?"

At this moment Mrs. S—— entered from a side room.

"Why, S——!" said she, "that isn't our baby—it's Mrs. So and So's," (their next door neighbor.) "She wanted me to take care of it a moment while she went out."

S—— was completely bewildered.

"Isn't this ours?" he inquired innocently, looking first at his wife and then at P———, who stood ready to burst with laughter.

"No," said Mrs. S——, decidedly. "Here is ours," she continued, bringing from an adjoining room another infant wonder.

"Well, I declare," said S——, looking first at one and then at the other, "who'd have thought I could have made such a mistake?"

WANTS TO BE A "HANGEL."—A gentleman lately overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if they had just returned from a pleasure trip to some of the out of town resorts.

*Woman :* Blow me, Bill, how tired I feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved cat. What a miserable world this is! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born I wish myself dead again.

*Man :* Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?

*Woman :* Why, don't I tell yer I'm miserable as a rat?

*Man :* Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk on Monday, and you was drunk again on Wednesday, and I'm blessed, if that isn't pretty near enough pleasure for yer, I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth!


## ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRADY'S "MERCURY" STORIES.

NOW READY—COMPLETE.

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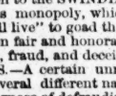
BOOKS, CARDS PINS,  BOOKS, ENGRAVINGS, CHARMS,

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## City Summary.

MONDAY, May 9th, 1864.

Having moved, like the army of the Potomac, New York is beginning to recover from the debasing and demoralising effects consequent upon this annual uprising and upheaval of the household gods, and things will soon resume their usual serenity and calmness, if we have anything of the sort in this overbearing city. There were many hair-breadth escapes during our change of base, and some careful housewives were entirely lost to sight while active operations were in progress, being most magically concealed in bundles and packages of their own creating. The inevitable little fat woman with a very large bundle was to be seen at all points, bumping against this one, running down that one, and occasionally fetching up foremost some of the well-dressed street inspectors with whose presence our thoroughfares are so constantly favored. The lady with the curly lap-dog was also around, oblivious to everything save her much-loved poodle; but all things work together for good, so we must take it for granted that the poodle and its owner are not exceptions. With the close of the week, we all begin to feel like ourselves once more; and, having got our brace, are ready for anything that may offer, be it a free fight, a shindig, a stag party, or a night at the theatres and halls of amusement.....In last week's CLIPPER we made brief allusion to the trouble existing between Max Maretzek and his chorus singers, and we find that we were correct in our judgment about the matter. The chorus, having increasing families to support and lager bier bills to liquidate, did certainly ask a slight advance on their previous salaries, owing to the advanced cost of all articles of food and clothing; but Max, who had already announced *his* intention to raise on the public with the inauguration of the new season, could not or would not understand why his operatives should require an advance, and the result was, an *emeute*, a discord between the boss and his well-bred singers. [Pardon us, unerring friends, while we improvise a little conundrum which obtrudes itself upon our overladened mind. Why is a sold-out baker like Max's striking chorus? Because he needs more dough. Copyright applied for.] Such at least was the excuse offered the public by the manager for his failure to go ahead with his promised season; the poor chorus singers, having no advertising patronage to bestow, and no funds wherewith to procure oyster suppers for the purpose of securing the influence of a "free and independent press" [how *are* you, free and independent press?] were pitched into terribly by the critics, who called them some very hard and indelicate names, such as should not be found in the vocabulary of educated and classical writers for the press. They even asserted that the musicians, or orchestra, were in league with the chorus, which base charge was entirely without foundation; but it is not improbable that Max's course may render a combination of musicians and chorus singers a fixed fact. If Max was unable to begin the season in consequence of the loss of his great basso, he should have boldly announced the fact to the public, instead of throwing the blame upon a few ill-paid chorus singers, who have as much right to a glass of good beer as Max has to a glass of good wine. Perchance a verse or two of our magical poetry may bring the gallant impressario to a knowledge of the true bearings of the question in abeyance between himself and his deluded followers.

A LITTLE MORE DOUGH.

*Tune*—Rosin the Bow.

Oh, Max, you have been making money,
And cleared several thousands, you know—
Then why is it, Max, my dear honey,
You refuse the poor singers more dough?
*Full Chorus*—Refuse us poor singers more dough, oh, oh,
Yet raise on the public, you know;
Oh, Max, ne'er again can you prosper
If you don't give the singers more dough.

When Grau, and war's wide desolation,
Almost caused your complete overthrow,
In that continent of doubt and vexation
We stuck by you without any dough.
*Full Chorus*—Stuck by you without any dough, oh, oh,
And bought our own lager, also,
Then, Max, do the thing that is genteel,
And give the poor singers more dough.

.....The warm weather warns us that the theatrical season is drawing to a close, and if provisions and everything continue at the present scale of prices, many a son and daughter of the worthy Thespis will fare ill when they take their farewell of us. That reminds us of a little story which, as it is quite applicable to the times, we have "adapted," after the manner of the best writers of the day, to our locality. Here is the little story: Bill Jinkins, the celebrated supernumerary of —— Theatre, being one evening behind the scenes, in a full suit of U. S. soldier clothes—dressed for a Roman warrior—was grievously tormented by a violent fit of the toothache. The generous and feeling barber of the theatre kindly offered to relieve him by drawing the tooth. "No, my good friend," replied Jinkins, drawing himself up to his full height, six feet in his Roman boots, "I cannot spare one tooth now, but when the house closes for the season, you may draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat."..... It is probable that several of the theatres will keep open during the summer, or at least as long as the receipts will at all warrant it; we hope they may *all* keep open, and thus give employment to many worthy people who can ill afford to be idle during the summer months, with exhorbitant board bills running on, and no lunch resorts, to invite the wayfarer to a free repast. "The times are sadly out of joint," once wrote a gentleman who was unable to save money enough even to invest in a fifty dollar 5-20 bond, but had he lived in these days of high priced provender, he might have improved on his poetry, and wrote "the times are sadly out of joints," for with meats at 25 and 30 cents per pound, none but army contractors and New York Aldermen can touch anything but the unclean thing, which our Passover friends uncharitably call the hog. Talking about eats, calls up another little story, which we have prepared expressly for this occasion. Any little inconsistencies that the learned reader may perceive, he will please attribute to the original author, and not to the adaptor. When Garrick and Foote were in the city before the cruel war broke out, they went to Niblo's one night to see Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams in the "Connie Scogah." At the close of the play, as was their won't, being fond of good eating and drinking, our two friends dropped in at Harry Sharp's, in Houston street, to have a chop, some Lima beans, roast beef etc. Instead of the usual delicacies, however, they saw nothing but some green pea-soup and a neck of mutton. These the actors suffered to be taken away, saying they would wait for some pork and beans and kidney stew. The worthy host, who is a sharp and liberal caterer, could not refrain from telling them that they had an accident in the morning, which spoiled everything in the house but the dishes they first observed. "Indeed," observed Garrick, with tragic mien, "then his mutton's cooked, and all is lost." The funny Foote, however, with his characteristic presence of mind, exclaimed—"Well, Harry, bring back the mutton, for I see its *neck or nothing* with us." It is needless, perhaps, to say, that there was little or nothing left of the neck when the two hungry Englishmen got through with it.

BEING occupied with family cares and one thing or another last week, we had not much time to visit the theatres, but our Jim, who considers himself pretty well "up" in the drama, volunteered to "go in" at the Winter Garden, and give us his impressions of Edwin Booth's rendition of "Hamlet." When we take into consideration the fact that another great Shakespearean critic has the management of this house, "Our Jim" must have had great confidence in himself and his abilities, to "board the lion in his den, the tiger in his lair." We have not read Jim's *critique*, but we guess it's all right. Says he, "I went to the Winter Garden to see Booth play "Hamlet." Booth is the man who used to play Richard Third some years ago, at the Chatham and Bowery; but he got tired of doing the same thing every night, so he gave up Richard, and now plays Hamlet. I think he is just as good in one as t'other. Hamlet, they say, was writ by Shakespeare, but I don't believe it, for Shakey *could* write a play, you better believe it. This Hamlet don't seem much like Richard Third, which is Shakespeare's, I know. Richard was full of fight, and was on it all the time, which Hamlet isn't. He's a sort of grumbler, actin' as if he'd been eatin' pot-pie and it had laid heavy on to his stomach; but I believe he's smart when nothin' ails him. The plot is a hashed up affair, and it's hard to make much out of it. Hamlet has a mother, but she seems to be an ord'nary old hag, and besides that, she killed her husband, which was Hammy's father, and then got married to his brother. Hammy didn't like the way things was goin' at all; he sulked and fretted, but his friends thought it was because he was in love with a young girl called Miss Ophelia. One night, Hammy was out on a lark, and he saw a ghost, and the ghost tells him he is his father's ghost, that he was killed by Mrs. Hamlet, and that his own brother was knowin' to it, that he wants Hammy to keep his eye on 'em, and avenge his death. Hammy says, "I will." Not long after, a Western travelling dramatic troupe comes along, and Hammy offers them two dollars a piece to give a private entertainment at his mother's house. Provisions being high, they accept the liberal terms, and he makes up a play for 'em, and tells them how they must do it. He does it to catch Mrs. Hamlet and his new father, and if they squirm, then he knows that the ghost was right. You see a stage fixed up, and the players are all stowed in their places. Mr. and Mrs. Hamlet, Senior; Hamlet, Jr.; and a few newspaper reporters, complete the audience. The hired players acted better than some of the real players, and when they poison the King in the play, by pouring hot lead in his ear, Mr. and Mrs. Hamlet got skeered, said they didn't want to see no more play actin' by such stocks, and cut it, leaving young Hamlet and the reporters to see it out. Miss Ophelia, thinkin' Hammy was shakin' her, goes crazy, and while huntin' for pot yerbs and dandelions, falls into the water and becomes drowned. Her brother blames Hamlet for it all, and offers to have a match with him for a fair up and down fight. So they get up a little skirmish with real swords, with the whole family admirin' free, including refreshments. There must have been something pernicious put into the beer of the guests, and on to the swords of the belligerents, for Mrs. Hamlet suddenly cries "his," and falls a corpus; Laertes follows suit, and is soon down among the dead men; just as Hammy is about to give up the ghost, he makes a pass at his new father, and the stage is soon covered with the fatal fruits of illicit love, and the curtain comes down slowly. I don't think the play can begin with "Jack Sheppard," and I know it's a darn sight worse than the "French Spy," both of which old Shakey wrote before the sensation style came into favor. I think Booth could fill the house for two months if he was to appear as "Jack Sheppard" or "Dick Turpin." When Ed Forrest or any of the tragedy players come along, I will criticise their performances in the same impartial manner that I have criticised Booth and his Hamlet, if you would like to have the exclusive use of my pen. Please put my name to the bottom of this, in big types, so that the public may know who wrote it. OUR JIM.

MASTER BARRY, a juvenile Ethiopian comedian, can be engaged by addressing or applying as instructed in advertisement in this issue.

ACTORS have evidently no reason to complain of hard times or low salaries, for we find them possessing their country seats as well as town residences. Mr. Humphrey Bland, of the Winter Garden, has just purchased a pretty little rural retreat, at North Bloomfield, N. J., about twelve miles out of the city. Norton, of the "Shakespeare" and Wallack's theatre, has also taken a little box in the immediate neighborhood of his friend Humphrey, where he purposes, during the vacant season, to gratify his passion for the "gentle art" of angling.

MISS KATE VANCE, a Western actress, made her *debut* before a New York audience, at the New Bowery Theatre, on Monday evening, May 2d, in the ever-popular "Mazeppa," and notwithstanding the city was upside down, and in the first throes of its annual moving convulsions, there was quite a good audience in attendance to see the new aspirant for dramatic honors. We visited the theatre on the 5th inst., to take a look at the young lady, and to judge of her calibre. Miss Vance is, perhaps, one of the finest formed women we have seen upon the boards; her limbs are beautifully moulded, the whole figure nicely rounded, and harmony displayed in the entire form; her face is not quite in keeping, however, being a trifle harsh, except when lighted up with a smile, when it wears a more pleasing aspect; her voice is not strong, and on the occasion of our visit appeared to be at times husky—probably the effects of a cold—but she speaks the words with much distinctness, as a general thing. Her dresses are really magnificent, each succeeding change of costume seeming to surpass in elegance the preceding one, and all showing a great deal of taste on the part of the lady. But her undress uniform—that without the trimmings—is probably the most beautiful and attractive to the male portion of the spectators. This consists of a complete suit of closely-fitting, flesh-colored tights, encasing the entire form, from neck to feet, unencumbered or disfigured with drapery or anything else excepting brief trunks around the loins. In this undress, or summer costume, the beauties of the female form are displayed in all their loveliness, and to make the living picture more complete, the actress puts herself in various artistic positions, bringing still more prominently into view the handsome points and muscular developments of the human form. Indeed, in this portion of the performance, Miss Kate presents a very pretty picture, and her movements and dumb show bring down the most enthusiastic demonstrations of approbation, even from the gods in the amphitheatre, for our young friends in the upper regions have as high an appreciation of the beauties of nature as they have of the excellence of coffee and cakes. Miss Vance, might improve her dramatic attractions by infusing a little more animation into her actions; she is too cold and stiff—a little more dash is needed to give the performance a natural tone. All things considered, however, Miss Vance has made a fair impression for a first appearance in the great metropolis. Her horse, Don Juan, is not always reliable, for on the night we were present, he was somewhat refractory, and while coming down the upper runs, with Casimir strapped on his back, he behaved in a very fractious manner, coming down a short distance, then turning round, and going back again, repeating this unnecessary business several times before he could be induced to complete the descent. The other part of his "role" he performed in clever style, including the run around the platform in front of the dress circle. "Mazeppa" ran through the week, and gives place this evening to "Dick Turpin," in which Miss Vance assumes the part of Dick.

CHARLEY FOX became so "demoralized" and "Mortimerized" of late, at Wood's Minstrels, that Mr. Wood was obliged to apply the Wood remedy, and Charley is no longer attached to the company. We have repeatedly urged upon Mr. Fox the necessity of a reform in this matter, but our advice has been of no avail, much to our regret; he is a clever comedian when in his proper form, and a very bad one when otherwise. It is time he turned over a new leaf; once he loses his hold, he will have a hard row to hoe. Let him look to it in time.

"MACBETH" and Shakespeare held possession of the Old Bowery through the week, and though the several plays produced were put upon the stage in very fair style, and the stock company did their best to give due effect to the creations of the great author, yet the legitimate failed to make a deep impression, and the sensational and illegitimate will be resumed this week. Manager Fox being too wily a strategist to neglect the signs of the times, or to press upon the patrons of his house a surfeit of dishes that are not palatable. This evening, therefore, the great holiday pantomime of "The House that Jack Built" will be revived, with all the novel effects, tricks, changes, fun and frolic which gave it such a profitable run when first produced at the Old Bowery a few months ago. What Forrest is in tragedy, G. L. Fox is in pantomime, and we know of none that surpass him in that line of business. Dramas and farces are also given in connection with the pantomime.

EDWIN BOOTH and tragedy remain at the Winter Garden the present week, and give place to the Florences and the illegitimate on the 16th.

SIMMONS, the magician, performed a variety of illusions at the Broadway Theatre last week, and attracted fair audiences, his opening on the 2d being attended by a house full. Although some of his feats appear difficult, yet he performs them in a very clever and neat manner, making them, in reality, seem perfectly simple to the spectators. This week he gives us his Japanese budget, which includes some pretty illusions and extraordinary sleights. To crown all, however, he announces that on Wednesday evening, May 11th, he will "cut off his own head." Now, we have no sort of idea how this thing is done—that is, we understand the cutting off part well enough, but not the re-union of the separated parts. It is probable that in addition to cutting off his own living head on the evening referred to, he will cut off a number of dead heads as well, "gentlemen of the press excepted."

JACK CADE, in black, took so outrageously well at Bryants' last week, that it is retained on the bills till further notice; so who says that the legitimate won't pay on Broadway?

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!—We are living in extraordinary times, most certainly; nor Horace Greeley nor his nine hundred thousand men can tell where it will all end. Right here in Broadway one man advertises to cut off his own head; others will threaten to cut off other people's heads, and now comes forward the great Fire King, Bueno Core, who proposes to enter a cage at Jones's Wood, on the 25th inst., and there and then suffer himself to be enveloped in flames of fire that would roast a mammoth ox. *This* is no illusion, however. The man actually permits lung fires to be kindled all around him, and walks about unharmed in the midst of the flames. The "resources of the country" are being gradually developed, and the wisest men in the land stand aghast at the wonders now being performed.

THE GENERAL CAST at Wallack's remains as per last advices, none of the old stock being supplanted during the week.

MRS. WOOD makes the current week one of variety at her handsome Olympic, benefits helping to fill up the time. "Loyalina" is given up, Frank Drew having terminated his engagement at this house on the 7th inst.; but something new and gorgeous is in preparation to please the tastes of the *habitues* of the Olympic. "They say" that Jos. Jefferson may join Mrs. Wood next season, and add his experience to that of Mrs. W. in conducting the fortunes of the house. A glorious team they make, we all know, and we shall be glad to hear that the rumors of such an alliance are well-founded.

W. S. BUDWORTH, comedian and banjoist, who has been engaged as end man, in FOX's place, with Wood's Minstrels, will make his first appearance with the troupe this evening, May 9th. Last week, Gleun kept one end up, and Boyce the other. A lively programme is offered this week, among the good things being the "Challenge Dance," a very laughable little bit, with Frank Brower and J. T. Boyce as the rival dancers.

VANDENHOFF was to have given a reading here on the 10th, but it is postponed.

JOHN BROUGHAM'S drama of "Bel Demonio" will not be produced at Niblo's until May 16th, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams continuing their engagement in the meantime. "The Connie Scogah" has been withdrawn, and protean and other pieces will fill out the week.....Vestvali, as we have previously announced, has been engaged to take the leading part in the forthcoming sensation.

A WELL-VENTILATED house is desirable at all times, but more especially in the summer months. Keeping this fact in mind, Mr. M. C. Campbell, the minstrel manager, has paid particular attention to the ventilation of his new minstrel hall, now in the course of erection in the Bowery opposite Spring street; this hall, we are informed, will be one of the most cool and pleasant public resorts in the city; it is rapidly progressing towards completion, the builders endeavoring to have it ready for occupancy even before the time announced, June 1st. A well-drilled company is being engaged, and novelties of almost every character rehearsed to give *eclat* to the opening of a minstrel hall on the Bowery. With really good talent, and a comfortable hall, we see nothing to operate against the success of Mr. Campbell's enterprise.

TALKING ABOUT cool places, it may be remembered that last winter one of the objections urged against the Hippotheatron was the open and cool character of the iron structure. If this was a drawback to its success at that time it should certainly prove a benefit to it now that the warm weather is upon us. The performances are also of a light and summery nature, comprising sports acts of various kinds, riding, leaping, tight-rope dancing, wire walking, etc. This week's bill of fare is a well-selected *melange* of attractive gems of the arena, with Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus Troupe in full strength. A pleasant place is the iron structure in which to pass an evening. Performances are also given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, so that families may have an opportunity of witnessing a good entertainment and be home in ample season for the evening repast. Take the little ones to see Little Annie on her tiny ponies.

GEORGE WOOD'S dramatic season at his Broadway Theatre will be inaugurated on the 16th. The house has been beautifully refitted and decorated for the occasion.

IN GOSSAMER DRESSES, in light and airy costume, Manager Butler's *ballet corps* present a most bewitching and fascinating appearance as they perform their terpsichorean evolutions on the stage of 444 Broadway. And there are some rare beauties in this *corps*, girls with the most splendid forms, and others with beautiful faces and forms as well. In addition to the *ballet*, a very interesting pantomime is on the bills this week, and one of Charley White's Ethiopean farces; these, combined with sentiments and comic singing, and several special acts, help to make one of the most pleasing entertainments for the masses that can now be enjoyed in this city.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS have been giving public and private exhibitions, one or two of the latter, we believe, coming off at the residence of Mr. Bennet, on Washington Heights, which may account for the interest manifested by the *Herald* in the knotty experiments of the brothers.

MANAGER LINGARD has the reputation of being a very liberal manager, and this reputation is well deserved. Last week he commenced to add Vance on his bills, and we see he continues the same liberal action this week. Wide awake, there! Let no one miss the point of this clever pun.

NOW IS THE OPPORTUNITY for the profession to disburse their charities and show their benevolence, for the thousands of widows and orphans who se homes are made desolate by the late sanguinary battle, demand all our sympathies and assistance. Let managers give benefits in aid of the suffering soldiers and their families, and the families of those who have sacrificed their lives in defence of our country. Many of the gallant soldiers who fell in the late battle were liberal patrons of our theatres and halls of amusement during the past five or six months. Now is the time to reciprocate their kindness. What manager will be the first in the good work? Managers have profited by the help of the soldiers, now let the latter be aided by managers.

DIED IN HAVANA, on the 28th ult., WM. SAAR, a pianist of rare merit, and a clever composer. He was born in Vienna, but has been in this country ever since he was a little child. Too close study, perhaps, may have hastened his decease, for he was but 26 years of age at the time of his death in Havana, to which place he had gone in the hope of improving his health. His parents reside in New York.

MISS A. HATHAWAY, that fascinating and versatile actress now performing at the New Bowery Theatre, may be engaged for the coming season by addressing as instructed in Mr. Charles Bernard's advertisement in another column.

THE MUSIC at the New Bowery Theatre is always good and often excellent; much to the credit of the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Beissenherz. This gentleman's services can be secured for the coming season by addressing according to advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

IT IS SAID that Modori, one of Maretzek's leading people, was united in marriage a few days since to Mr. Edmund Blankman, a [illegible]. She was a widow, and he a widower, and both have made a good deal of noise in the world.

GEO. C. DOBSON & BROTHER, the noted banjoists, are now located at No. 691 Broadway, where they are prepared to give instruction on the "ole banjo," and where, also, they keep on hand and for sale an extensive stock of those instruments of their own superior manufacture. See their advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

MASTER BARRY, a juvenile ethiopian comedian, can be engaged by addressing or applying as instructed in advertisement in this issue.

MATILDA HERON has returned to this city, having fulfilled her New Orleans engagement.

## Dramatic.

THEATRICALS are at a comparatively low ebb in Brooklyn, the Park Theatre doing all the business that is done, and that is not much. On Monday, the 2d inst., "Cudjo's Cave" was presented for the first time, and it has run all the week, drawing fair houses most of the time. The performance of the drama, on the whole, is good, its features being the scenery and the capital acting of Vincent as an old darkey. Mrs. Conway is clever as the heroine, but Conway himself is about as much in his element as he would be to act as end man at Hooley's. Hawk's Pomp is not bad, but then again it is not what he could make it were he to try. Lewis does his part well as the Old Unionist, and Murdoch, as the Dutch youth, is fair. We should like to see this young actor improve his stage-walk. There is a very good orchestra now at the Park, we are glad to see.

"BROWNE'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION," under the management of MESSRS. S. E. Browne and G. W. Pike, closed their present season in Augusta on Saturday evening, May 7th, with a complimentary benefit to Mr. S. E. Browne. Their success, we are informed, has been very flattering; so much so, that in all probability they will have a theatre fitted up for them, ready for the fall season. They immediately start on their return trip, visiting the principal towns in which they have already performed and established themselves as leading favorites. We refer our readers to their advertisement.

MANAGER HENDERSON, of the Pittsburgh Theatre, has had no star for three weeks, relying wholly upon his "stock" and revivals, and well has the business been done—houses excellent all the time. "Cosmopolite" says, writing on the 6th, "The Ticket of Leave Man" has walked forth this week, and has been well received. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has also drawn two full houses, the Topsy of Lillie Marden being one of the principal features in it. Mr. CLIPPER, she is immense, and I say this after seeing all the Topsys in the country. Her break-down, and imitations of Dan Bryant's Essence, are the richest things I have seen. She is a very talented little lady, and is deservedly a favorite. "Cudjo's Cave" is in active rehearsal.

AWAY DOWN IN ALABAMA Uncle Sam's boys are attending to the drama, and giving theatrical entertainments of a very pleasing character. A correspondent, "F. A. W." in a letter dated Larkinsville, Ala., April 29, says:—"Friend Queen:—You may not be aware that away down here in "Dixie" we do anything in the theatrical line. I enclose you a bill of a performance that came off the other night at the "Battery Theatre." The association is composed of the members of Co. A, Chicago Light Artillery, commanded by Captain Pete Wood, of Chicago. Among the audience on the night to which the bill refers, were Maj. Gen. John A. Logan, commanding 15th Ala.; Brig. Gen. M. L. Smith, commanding 2d Div. same corps; Brig. Gen. J. A. J. Lightburn, commanding 2d Brigade; and Brig. Gen. Giles A. Smith, commanding 1st Brigade. The performance went off finely. "Gerald Pepper" by George S. Beach, (an old stager by the way), was a gem, and Foster's Bombastes Furioso, in the extravaganza of that name, would grace the boards of any theatre. The scenery, painted by Mr. Church, the illustrator of the enclosed bill, was admired by all who could appreciate the effect of charcoal upon Government wagon covers. As a whole, the performance was admirable.—Pretty good bill,' aint it?" [Yes, and the illustrations are very clearly done.] The cast of the "White Horse of the Peppers" was as follows:—Gerald Pepper, G. B. Beach; Major Hans Mansfeldt, O. L. Foster; Col. Chesham, C. L. Arnold; Portreve, S. H. Long; Darby Donahoe, J. B. Day; Phelim, J. W. Milne; Fafferty, T. Thompson. "Bombastes" had this cast—"Bombastes," O. L. Foster; "Artaxominous," J. B. Day; "Fusbos," J. H. Long; "Distaffina," E. E. Williams.

MCFARLAND'S TROUPE is playing to good business at the Metropolitan, Davenport, Iowa. The company close there this week, and goes thence to Dubuque, for two weeks, and then to St. Paul, for a short summer season.

EDWIN ADAMS is at the Nashville, Tenn., Theatre, this week, opening there on the 9th inst., for two weeks, thence to Cleveland, May 24th, for two weeks. We were well aware that authors copyrighted new plays, but for an actor to copyright the playing of certain characters, is a new idea. From Harry Wall, Mr. Adam's agent, we learn that by general and combined assent of the Western managers, Mr. Adams has, from his great perfection in the rendition of Hamlet and Claude Melnotte, secured the sole right to perform these two characters in the respective theatres during the coming season.

OLD SOL SMITH soon starts out a travelling Theatrical Troupe. He will visit Illinois this month.

THE SPRINGFIELD (Ill.,) Theatre Company, under the management of B. Franklin, are doing a good paying business. Among the company we find the names of Hattie Franklin, Mr. H. Collins, St. Clair, Nicolson, Hooper, Howard Smith, and Miss M. Alice Vestries.

THAT DARING EQUESTRIENNE, Oceana, also known as the Star of the West, who took the audience of the Continental, Philadelphia, by storm in her impersonation of Mazeppa and other characters of the same ilk some few week since; together with H. B. Gates, "champion acting horse of America," which is a beautiful and spirited animal, can be engaged through Messrs. Conner and Co., of this city. In an advertisement in another column may be seen a list of pieces comprising the *repertoire* of the talented Oceana. "Comparisons are odorous," some one has said, so we are not going to commit ourselves in that direction; but we do think that the patrons of the Old Bowery Theatre would like to see Oceana as Mazeppa; and as competition is said to be the life of trade, we look upon it that the business of the New house would be by no means injured by a simultaneous running of horse pieces at both places. The New Bowery Boys have already been favored with a sight at the Menken, Kate Fisher, Leo Hudson, and Kate Vance in Mazeppa; now the question is, shall they not have the same opportunity to see Oceana? If the ayes and nays were called, we think the former would carry the day. So Messrs. Bowery Managers, bring on Oceana and Black Bess.

A NEW THEATRE is to be opened this week in Alton, Ill., under favorable auspices. City Hall, capable of seating some 800 or 1000 persons, has been secured, and is fitted up in *recherche* style by the management. There are two regiments of soldiers stationed there, and aside from that, the town itself is very good: it is thought, therefore, that a limited dramatic season cannot fail to prove profitable. A very fair company has been engaged, and Mrs. Welsh Edwards is to be the "star" for the present. Mrs. Edwards has been winning fame in her tour in that section, and her name will be a great help to the management. Her popular new drama of "Ximine," the "Octoroon," and the "Hidden Hand" will be the attractions for the first week. Alton is a lively go-ahead place—one of the best "show towns" in the West, perhaps, and has two large and commodious halls, well fitted up.

MR. J. B. BOOTH announced a farewell benefit at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, April 11th, and was to take the steamer of April 23d, for this city, where he assumes the stage management of the Winter Garden for his brother Edwin Booth, and his brother in law John S. Clarke, the present lessees of the Winter Garden. Mr. Booth has pursued his profession for many years in California, holding a leading position, and commanding, by his stability and integrity of character, the highest respect and confidence of the community. He has realized a handsome fortune, productively invested in San Francisco. "Camilla's Husband" was the play performed, and Mr. Booth appeared as Dogbriar, followed by a set-to between Messrs. Wm. Clarke and Booth, a sword combat by Mr. J. H. Monstery and Mr. Booth, concluding with Fred. Wilson's "Grecian Statues."

THE METROPOLITAN, San Francisco produced the melo-drama of the "Forrest of Bondy," April 7th, introducing J. H. Torning and his trained dog Prince. The "Wandering Minstrel" was performed on the 11th of April, with Master George Marsh as Jem Bags.

MISS LOTTA was to be the recipient of a complimentary benefit, April 18th, at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, upon which occasion one of the most attractive programmes ever gotten up in that city was to be presented.

MR. J. W. LANERGAN, with his dramatic company, will shortly perform at St. James Hall, Buffalo.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN was produced at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 4th inst, to a densely crowded house. The piece, it is said, has been well put upon the stage, the scenery being very fine. Ryer plays Tom; Mrs. Stoddart, Topsy; and Maria Le Brun, Eva.

MRS. CHARLES R. THORNE, a lady who has been identified with the drama for the past thirty-two years, announced her farewell of the stage on the 12th of April, to take place at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, being her farewell benefit and last appearance on any stage. The opera of "Guy Mannering," with other entertainments, was selected for the occasion. Mrs. Thorne was one of the Pioneers in her profession in San Francisco, and, with her husband, contributed much to the rational amusement and enjoyment of the people of California, particularly when the old American Theatre was the popular resort. Twenty-five years ago she was doing the leading business at the old Chatham, in this city; then she was in the heyday of her youth. She is still handsome, and scarcely less vivacious, it is said, even now, although her more matronly figure unfits her for the juvenile characters in petite comedy, farce, and extravaganza, in which she so many years delighted us Gothamites. With advancing years, Mrs. Thorne has played the heroines of melodrama and tragedy no less acceptably than the Singing Soubrettes in her youth. She is now the mother of a large family, all of them seeming to inherit, in greater or less degree, the histrionic talent of their parents. Admired and respected by all her associates, both before and behind the footlights, as well as in private life, Mrs. C. R. Thorne gracefully took leave of the mimic scene, yielding that arena of professional effort to fresher aspirants for popular favor, thus affording a good and bright example to all who follow in her path.

MR. AGUIRRE'S OPERA HOUSE, Virginia City, N. T., "Aurora Floyd" not drawing remuneratively, "Leah" was produced and performed to good houses, Miss Virginia Howard and Frank Lawlor playing the principal *roles*. Lawlor took his benefit on the 11th of April, and played "Hamlet." Mr. Pope was underlined for an appearance on the 18th of April, with the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man."

AT IDAHO CITY (the new name of West Bannock City, to distinguish it from Bannock City on the east side of the Rocky Mountains,) the *News* says that the miners are resolved to have a stylish place of amusement. The Temple theatre is to be enlarged to seat 800 people, in anticipation of celebrated performers coming from Portland and San Francisco, and will be hereafter known as the "Jenny Lind Theatre." The main building is to be 102 feet deep; the stage 27 feet deep by 37 wide, and beautifully decorated. There will also be four private boxes, dress circle, orchestra, parquet, gallery, and all the usual appurtenances of a first-class theatre.

BLANCHARD and his performing dogs, Carlo and Bruin, reached San Francisco by the steamer of April 7th, and were announced for an early appearance at Maguire's Opera House.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN commenced a farewell engagement at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, April 18th. She was to appear one week only, producing "Joan of Arc," "Fazio," "French Spy," and "Mazeppa." As we stated in our last, she is now doubtless on her way to England.

LEO HUDSON brought her Louisville engagement to a close on the 30th ult. On the 29th, she was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, when she played Madeline, in "St Mary's Eve," and Putman, in the drama of the same name. During her engagement she was presented with a thorough bred horse, and full equipments.

THE DRAMA in the Mountain cities of Colorado Territory is flourishing. Messrs. Langrishe and Dougherty's troupe is creating quite a *furore* in the mountain tops, and drawing crowded houses every night. At last accounts the party was at Crescent City, and was about starting for East Idaho Territory, where they have another theatre building, to play a season and return to Denver City early in the Fall.

LAURA KEENE and troupe have taken the Buffalonians by storm, and greenbacks by the bushel. The boxes had to be engaged three and four nights ahead. She goes to Rochester in July.

MR. E. A. LOCKE, the favorite Rochester comedian, and wife, have been requested by the citizens of that place to accept a grand testimonial in the shape of a dramatic and musical entertainment, to take place at Corinthian Hall, on Friday, the 13th inst.

MATRIMONIAL.—"All the world's a stage," and the actors thereon perform their parts in tragedy, comedy or farce. Two prime favorites with Rochester audiences, Mr. Ed. A. Locke and Miss Isabella Howitt, made their appearance on Wednesday evening, 27th ult., before a private audience, in the character of "Bridegroom" and "Bride," in the ever favorite drama of "Matrimony," Rev. J. B. Shaw officiating. The knot was tied, not as in a play, but as a knot not to be severed by the fall of the curtain. The *Rochester Express* says:—The happy couple have the best wishes of a host of friends for their success in their new characters, with the hope that the principals may ever be guided by the *promptings* of love, and that their *cue* may be taken from a mutual desire to harmonize. We cannot see *Howitt* can be otherwise in wed-*Locke*.

BUSINESS at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has fallen off considerably during the past week; on the 6th the attendance was very poor, the attraction being "A Bull in a China Shop," with Mortimer in it, and a "Husband at Sight." On the 9th the "Romance of a Poor Young Man" is promised, with every attention to scenery, machinery, etc. Miss Jennie Parker will make her first appearance on the occasion.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE continue at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was produced on the 2nd, and ran the entire week.....Miss Lucille Western will commence an engagement on the 16th, opening in her great play of "East Lynne."

"ROSEDALE" was withdrawn on the 6th at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after a successful run of 29 nights. On the 7th G. H. Griffith's benefit took place, the bill for the evening consisting of the melo-drama of "The Tiger of the Sea," "Uncle Foozle" and "Beauty and the Beast." Frank Drew opens on the 9th, appearing as "Handy Andy" and "Mazeppa," (burlesque.)

IT IS RUMORED that Mrs. Thayer, the Misses C. Jefferson and Annie Graham, of the Walnut, Philadelphia, will join the Arch Street Theatre company next season; also that W. A. Donaldson is engaged at the same establishment. So says our correspondent "Hawkshaw."

AT THE GERMAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, business has been miserable; the season will close about the 1st of June.

AT COL. WOOD'S, Chicago, "The Ticket Man" is on its "last legs," although it still draws fair houses. We understand it is to be given every Saturday afternoon during the season. On Monday, 2nd, "The Love Knot" was produced.....Old Tom A'Becket made his first appearance before a Chicago audience, and was as good as in his palmiest days; he was very favorably received.....Mrs. Stoneall also made her first bow, and created a good impression. Minard Lewis is now the scenic artist of the establishment, and we shall begin to look for great things in his line. The first effort had better be a new "drop."

MR. LEWIS BAKER, manager of the Varieties, New Orleans, handed over to the Sanitary Commission of that city, as the result of his labors, $2,052 25, as acknowledged by the agent of the Commission. The gross receipts of the benefit were but $245 25, and the expenses $200, leaving the net profits $41 25. Mr. Baker then started a subscription, heading the list with $100, and the sum above named was the grand result. Public thanks were returned to Mr. Baker for the active part he took in the success of the benevolent object in view.

THE SUMMER SEASON of Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, O., commenced on the 3d inst., introducing the "Elfin Star," Miss Alice Kingsbury, supported by a company from the Cincinnati theatres. Miss Alice made a favorable impression as Carlo, in "Asmodeus, or the Little Devil," and as Rosetta, in "Swiss Swains." In the company are Mrs. Austen, Miss Wheeler, Messrs. G. L. Aikin, W. A. Albert, W. C. Smythe, Stewart, Russell and Morris.

AT MCVICKER'S, Chicago, Miss Kate Fisher was the star. Our correspondent "Claude" says, under date of May 5,—"She is drawing the finest houses of any star that has appeared here in a long time, and what's more, she deserves it, too. "Mazeppa" ran all last week, and has proved so successful that it is on for the second week. The self-styled "Critic" of a certain paper in this city has done his best to run it down, but the enlightened public are not to be taken in by such twaddle. Because a good star chooses to let "a discriminating people" judge for themselves, instead of paying "Penny A' Liners" for puffs, said "Penny A' Liners" are very indignant, and write a lot of stuff, which the people don't take the trouble to look at, and if they do, they say, "Well, we must go and see for ourselves, for we all know what this amounts to," and they do go. She closes her engagement on the 7th. On Monday, the 9th, we are to have Grau's Italian Opera Troupe, for 12 nights. Laura Keene follows, and will bring to a close the present season. Manager Mac is now East, getting together a really splendid company for next season. He has already secured one of the fines *danseuses* in the profession."

AT WOOD'S THEATRE, Cincinnati, this week, Laura Keene and company are the attractions.

J. WILKES BOOTH continues his engagement at the Boston Museum, with flattering success. His benefit took place on the 6th inst., when he played "Hamlet," which is said to be one of his best performances.

THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY had a good week at the Boston Theatre last week, though the public at first were a little shy, as but few of the artists were known in that city. The present is announced as the last week of the Opera.

MAGGIE MITCHELL begins an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 16th inst.

THE HOWARD, BOSTON, had Miss Mary Provost for its principal attraction last week, and the attendance is said to have been excellent. The manager produces this week a drama in prologue and three acts from Epes Sargent's sensation novel entitled "Peculiar

a card given on the programmes. "Having spent eleven months with the men of this department, I feel confident of success in this somewhat great undertaking. It will be my aim to do justice to the tastes of my brave friends in arms, and all may rely on my presenting 'Negro Minstrelsy' in legitimate form. Our songs shall be chaste and to the promotion of our Glorious Cause. Our jokes—merriment without vulgarity. The whole to enliven the monotony of camp life. BRIGHAM BISHOP, Author and Composer." Sure pay and a good salary; what nig. can ask more? is offered for a good first violinist, leading tenor, and bass singer. See advertisement.

AN ACCIDENT recently occured to Mr. Tim Hayes, of the De Clerque and Haley Minstrel troupe, as we learn by the Peoria, Ill., *Daily Mail*. Tim should be careful how he shoots his gun off. It appears that the clog dancer went out shooting, and whilst in the act of leveling his rifle piece at a covey of ducks, it burst in his hands, the contents coming direct from the but-end into his face. He will not be detained from his professional engagements, but will be unable to appear with that delicate freshness for which he is so well known.

DE CLERQUE & HALEY'S MINSTRELS appeared at Concert Hall, Springfield, Ill., May 3d. Tim Hays, clog dancer, and Harry Pell, formerly of the Charlie Morris party, are the strength of the troupe. The singing department of the show is very poor. Business with them, good.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS, of Boston, is one of the ablest and most popular troupes in the country. The company has always been among the most talented, and its manager, Mr. Lon Morris, has continually made strenuous efforts to cater liberally for its patrons, and as Bostonians will bear us witness, the pantomime of "The House that Jack Built" has been placed on the stage in a style that would do credit to many of our regular theatres. This liberal management is, we take it, the prime reason of the success of the Morris Brothers, for it is well known that the modern Athenians will not patronise anything that is inferior; the audiences, who attend amusements of every kind there, being among the most critical.

THE EUREKA MINSTRELS, San Francisco, have been having a high carnival of rampant humor, racy burlesque and ravishing melody, at their theatre, since our last advices. Abecco is still "harping" forth rapturous strains, as of yore. A new walk-round "Close by the Hill Side," by Dan Emmett, is the latest production S. A Wells, the manager and *basso*, announced his benefit for April 15th.

BOWERS AND PRENDERGAST'S mintrels were at Norwich, Conn., on the 6th and 7th inst., and are billed at Hartford for May 9th and 10th.

J. TANNEBAUM'S address is inquired for in our theatrical advertising columns.

RUMSEY'S MINSTRELS were at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 2d, 3d and 4th inst., and, though they were compelled to "buck against" bad weather and Dan Rice's show, they had good houses.

THE ROCHESTEREANS are anxiously awaiting Sam Sharpley's appearance in their city. He is billed there for the 17th, 18th and 19th inst.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON-CLADS perform at Lockport, N. Y., on the 20th inst.

MR. A. S. PRENTISS, formerly the advertising agent for Messrs. Duprez & Green's Minstrels, but who resigned his position to remain at home during the summer months, took a run down to Cleveland, O., on the 2d inst., to see the boys, who were then performing there; and, on the evening of Wednesday the 3d, after the boys had "washed up," Mr. Prentiss was presented with a gold-headed ebony cane by Mr. Duprez, on behalf of the Company. The cane bears the following inscription: "Presented to A. S. Prentiss, by the Management and Members of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, as a token of Friendship and Esteem.—Cleveland, May 4th, '64." On the same evening that Mr. Prentiss was presented with the cane in Cleveland, he was appointed by the Board of Trustees of Lockport, N. Y., (his native town) a Village Assessor in the place of N. E. Moore, resigned.

THE BUCKLEY'S, in Boston, continue as popular as ever. This week a new comic scene is produced, entitled "They would be singers and actors," in which Bishop and Swayne Buckley, J. K. Campbell and C. Pettingell appear.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELLS, over in Brooklyn, are carrying things along in their usual lively style. Novelties are added to each week's programme, and new faces are also introduced. This week Charley Fox makes his appearance with the troupe, and it is to be hoped that he will "act well his part," both towards the public and his manager.

FORREST'S MINSTRELS have been skirmishing in the East during the past week to excellent business, the troupe of eighteen star performers being very popular in that section. On the 9th inst. they gave a show at Mystic, Conn.

## Miscellaneous.

THE ALLEGHANIANS were billed for Hannibal, Mo., May 6th, Quincy, Ill., May 7th. Mr. G. F. Boyd Betts, the assistant agent and acting treasurer of the troupe (so says a correspondent), is soon to lead to the *hymenial altar* a Western lady of some considerable wealth.

"A JOLLY TIME WAS THERE." Four old show-agents happened to "meet by chance" one day last week at Hannibal, Mo. There was Farnsworth, agent of Bailey's Circus Co.; Waldron, agent of the Alleghanians; Antonio, agent for Cutting's "Pan-de-War; and a theatrical agent. They *conjointly* papered the town and had a bully time.

HARTWELL & VAN RIPER'S STEREOSCOPTICON opens in St. Louis, May 10th, for the benefit of the Mississippi Valley Fair.

THE ELLINGER & FOOTE party were billed to show at Indianapolis, commencing on the 6th inst., for one week. From thence they go to Richmond, Ind., afterwards to Dayton, Piqua, Toledo, O.; Detroit and Port Huron, Mich.; London, C. W., and so on through the British Provinces. They report business as having been first-rate.

SEE HERE.—"They say" that a new managerial dodge, imported from Paris, is now getting into vogue in some of the Eastern cities, where the proprietors of minstrel and other shows engage a crowd of fellows every night to stand around the ticket offices, appearing frantic to obtain timely tickets, so as to "rope in" the outsiders and passers-by, considering it to be some tremendously big thing. As soon as these hired scores succeed in cramming the halls, they go in and attend to starting the encores, to force a "success." If anything, it goes to show that the inhabitants of those Eastern cities are "ropers" in as well as roped in. The dodge is an old one.

BEWARE! In our last we made mention of a band of minstrels being "fixed" by the "pious" people of Steubenville, Ohio. A well-known showman, who "has been there," says it served the party right for going to such a place. He pronounces it one of the meanest holes in the United States, and all first-class companies that are posted give it the go-by. It ought never to have anything above a Punch-and-Judy Show. 'S o, how you talk!

THAT POPULAR SKATER, Jackson Haines, is one of the feet-ures this week with Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, Boston. He contemplates visiting Europe next season. See his card in another column.

ANN DICKINSON, the female-woman politician, gave one of her characteristic lectures in Boston one evening last week, in the course of which she gave an account of an imaginary interview she had with the President, at the close of which interview the woman remarked to an imaginary friend, "I have spoken my last word to President Lincoln." The country would not be the loser if Miss Ann had spoken her last word to every other man.

PROFESSOR NEWMAN, a new man in the magic circle, is in Canada, doing pretty well with his tricks, traps and transformations. In the professor's company are Master Gage (not a green gage, either), who does wire-walking, jugglery, etc.; Mr. Jas. Lindsay, violinist and comedian. Harry Everett is the business agent. They were in London last week, and thence through East Canada.

A SINGER, fully qualified, and said to possess a fine mezzo-soprano voice—also an expert on the melodeon—wishes to attach himself to some good company, either located or itinerant. See Percy Stanley's advertisement in another column.

LOUIS ZITTERBART, a travelling musician, who left his home at Pittsburgh some years since, and, when last heard from, was at Montgomery, Alabama, is enquired for by advertisement elsewhere in the CLIPPER. Any one knowing his whereabouts, or what has become of him, by reporting the same will confer a favor, and relieve the anxiety of his friends.

LA RUE'S WAR SHOW opens at Norwich, Conn., the 10th inst., for five days, thence to New London for five days, commencing May 17th.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP, assisted by her daughter Louisa, and Mr. Sedgwick, gave a concert at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on the 4th inst., to a crowded and highly fashionable audience.

REV. DR. CHAPIN lectured in Concert Hall, Pittsburgh, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 4th and 5th inst. to large audiences.

CAPT. WILLIAMS' Whaling Voyage is billed in Pittsburgh for this week.

GREENWOOD & BRUCE'S WASHINGTON TABLEAUX closes a three weeks' stay in Brooklyn on the 14th inst., and opens at Green's Hall, New Brunswick, N. J., on the 17th.

MR. RUFUS SOMERBY'S continued indisposition necessitates the closing up for the season of his Polyorama of the War, and on the 14th inst., a brilliant nine months' tour will terminate at Williamsburg, L. I.

PITTSBURGH has followed the example of other cities in the North, and concluded to hold a Grand Sanitary Fair, about June 1st. Extensive preparations have been made, and the buildings are nearly completed. Exhibitions of all kinds, for the benefit of the above named fund, are taking place. The first was the "Tableaux Vivants" at Masonic Hall, April 28th. This performance was in the hands of the upper class of society, and proved very successful, notwithstanding the high price of tickets, which were disposed of at one dollar and fifty cents apiece. A costumer was taken on from New York to supply dresses, which were magnificent, and far excelled anything in the theatrical wardrobe line ever seen in Pittsburgh. The performance was repeated on the 30th. On the 9th inst., Benton Patterson, the Elocutionist, was to read "Hamlet" in Templar's Hall, under the auspices of the Sanitary Committee.

DOESTICKS has been "checking" it in Western New York. He was annouced for Corinthian Hall, Rochester, with his lecture on "Check," on the 10th inst.

GOTTSCHALK and Patti are in Western New York concertizing. He was to appear at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on the 9th.

CARTER'S ZOUAVE TROUPE exhibited at Portland, Me., since our last, but owing to Marshall's Boston Theatre company being in the city at the same time, their hall was not crowded. They were at Bath, Me., on the 6th and 7th, and appear at Lewiston, Me., on the 9th and 10th. They are now about returning, and in a month will commence a second tour of New England. The little party are most favorably noticed by ye Maine critics.

J. ALEXANDER, well-known in California as an agent, had accepted the situation of *avant courier* for Messrs. Ossian E. Dodge and Wm. Hayward. Business with them, at last accounts, was very flattering.

THE YOUNG BALLAD SINGER, William Hayward, seems to be winning golden opinions from the press of California. His friends will be pleased to read the following from the *American Eagle*, published at Sonora:—"Of Mr. Hayward's musical and elocutionary powers, no words can express our admiration! He sings with a pathos, a purity and a brilliancy, surpassing all vocal efforts ever before heard in this city. One moment he would have his lady hearers almost in tears, and then in an instant, by the wild clarion brilliancy of his highly cultivated voice, he would seem to fire every drop of Union blood in the room, by the bold and unadulterated patriotism of his expression. It is but truth to say that every one present considered him the most accomplished and artistic ballad singer that has ever sung in Sonora."

THE OSSIAN E. DODGE AND WILLIAM HAYWARD COMBINATION were successfully perambulating the Golden State of California. Tickets, $1 each. They were at Sonora, April 5th; Columbia, 6th; Copperopolis, 7th; Murphy's Camp, 8th; San Andreas, 9th; Campo Seco—Sunday—10th; and at Mokelumne Hill, 11th.

A CONCERT was recently given in Chicago, when the following was one of the features of the programme:—"In order that those who desire to listen to the last part of the programme may not be disturbed by those who wish to leave before the end of the concert, an intermission of ten minutes will be made, at the expiration of which the doors of the hall will be closed until the end of the performance. Those present are politely requested to remain in their seats." A good idea.

GOTTSCHALK gives a concert at Lockport, N. Y., on the 10th inst.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY are to give a concert in Philadelphia, on the 10th, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair.

WOODHOUSE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS have returned to Philadelphia, and are giving entertainments there.

"THOU SHALT NOT COMMIT ADULTERY," says one of the commandments; "neither shalt thou covet thy neighbor's wife," nor any thing which is his, says another one of them; yet how very frequently are those commands violated, those admonitions set at defiance. A case in point has just come to light in Chicago, one of Mrs. English's Ravel Troupe being the party done for. Her name is Zanfretta, her business, that of wife of Muller, the fiddler man. A Count—a live Count is the guilty party of the male persuasion, and the offending couple were actually caught in *flagrante delicto*—in the act, by sundry witnesses. The following full account of the affair we extract from the *Chicago Times* of the 5th inst.:—

The gossips have now something tangible to talk about. A real Count is in the city! And that Count, after the most approved example of all his predecessors, is a dashing, sportive, adventuresome fellow, with a fabulous amount of money at his disposal. He speaks very poor English and very charming Italian, and with all his other accomplishments, is exceedingly fond of the ladies, and ever on the alert for intrigues and amours. A short time since Count Lucine D'Orsco became acquainted with M. Frederick Augustus Muller, leader of the Jean English Ravel Troupe, and also with his wife, Louisa Maria Muller, a tight rope performer and danseuse of considerable celebrity. This acquaintance was made at Davenport, Iowa, while the troupe were performing there. Mrs. Muller, being an Italian, became a constant companion of the Count, and finally it was discovered by the confiding husband that their intimacy had culminated in criminality. The injured husband sustained the shock of such a discovery with the coolness worthy of his German ancestry. No blood was spilt, nor were any bones broken; but he quietly applied to the authorities, and the matter was settled by the payment of two hundred dollars to the husband as the price of the wife's virtue. A reconciliation then took place, but it was of short duration. At Ottawa the same offence was again committed, and again forgiven by the indulgent husband. The second reconciliation was a little more romantic than the first. The wife followed her husband to Racine, and there sought him out, fell imploring at his feet and avowed that she could never live without his love; that she hated the Count, who had deserted her, and left her, broken-hearted, to die or become a wanderer and an outcast. Muller, therefore, once more took her to his heart, and in the course of two weeks reached Dubuque. A few days after their arrival there the wife received a telegraphic despatch from Chicago, signed by Monsieur Agoust, her brother-in-law, with the information that her father had just arrived from Italy and wished to see her. The dispatch was shown to Muller and he reluctantly consented to have her come. The father proved to be none other than the veritable Count D'Orsco himself, who was waiting for her at the depot, with a splendid carriage, which conveyed her to the Stewart House, where she has remained ever since, the Count nominally stopping at another hotel, though really passing the most of his time in the presence of his Italian inamorata. Mrs. Muller, after her arrival, despatched to her husband the following telegram:—

CHICAGO, April 29th, 1864.

To F. A. MULLER, Jean English Ravel Troupe:—

I cannot live any more with you. Do not wait for me. I don't come back. LOUISE ZANFRETTA.

The next train, however, brought with it the indignant leader of the Ravel Troupe, not for the purpose of further leniency and forgiveness, but that justice might be done a scoundrel and a woman whose lust exceeded her virtue. As initiatory proceedings to such a result the services of detectives Strebel and Webb were engaged. The officers took charge of the matter, and, in a systematic manner, soon learned all the particulars. On Tuesday evening, with a warrant, they proceeded to the Stewart House, and set about trapping the unsuspecting lovers. The fact was ascertained that they were in the same room together. The great question was how to catch them. To knock would only serve to warn them of danger. Listening at the keyhole, two distinct snores could be heard. In this emergency a sort of impromptu entertainment was gotten up for the benefit of the sleeping artists. The broad shoulders of Mr. Webb were made to support Strebel, thus enabling the latter to peer through the transom window over the door of the room. The sight which met his eyes was such as one as an artist might study with profit. The officers at once entered the apartment and informed them of their arrest. The woman was "too sick to leave"—so she said—but the Count had no such excuse, and the remainder of the night was spent by him in the lock-up. Yesterday afternoon they were brought before Justice McDonnell, at the Police Court, and charged with open adultery and fornication. A plea of "not guilty" was entered, and the facts above stated were elicited on the part of the prosecution. The defence consisted of an attempt to show that no improper intercourse had taken place; that the Count was there as a nurse, ministering to the wants of a patient; that Muller was an unkind husband, jealous, and altogether unreasonable; that no agreement had been made to meet her there; and that, in short, both the prisoners ought to be unconditionally discharged. The Justice, however, was not inclined to that opinion, and held the parties for trial at the Recorder's Court, the bail being put at $300 each. Mr. J. S. Mackenzie, bookeeper and cashier of the Third National Bank, appeared upon the stand as interpreter, and also as a witness in reference to the irreproachable character of Count D'Orsco. At the conclusion of the case Mr. Mackenzie became surety for the appearance of both the Count and the erring danseuse at the Recorder's Court. The aspirant for the title of Countess had made an engagement at the Variety Concert Hall, under the name of "M'lle Louise Zanfretta," and appeared on Monday evening at that institution. She possesses great personal attractions, and is withal a very interesting and fascinating woman. Her husband states that she was formerly an Italian gipsy, and travelled while quite young with a band of strolling mountebanks as a dancing girl and tamborinist, performing in the open air. She states as her reason for leaving her husband, that the Count made extravagant propositions, such as splendid carriages drawn by beautiful white horses, a magnificent home in her native Italy, an education worthy of her position as his wife, and many other attractive inducements. She is now *enciente*. Her sickness, it is said, has been caused by medicines taken to produce a miscarriage. Count D'Orsco came to this country for the purpose of settling the estate of a deceased uncle at Davenport, Iowa. His business has been adjusted, and, if rumor does not belie him, his money, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, is being expended with the most reckless lavishment. His father is said to hold a prominent position under the Austrian government in Hungary. The probabilities now are that the Illinois State Penitentiary will soon receive the addition of a Hungarian count and a gipsy danseuse, provided that the bail shall not be forfeited, or no further proceedings taken.


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MISS MILLIE and CLARA FOWLER
MISS JENNIE ENGEL,
MISS DORA DAWRON,
M'LLE KATERINA,
M'LLE ANNETTA GALLETTI,
MISS ANNIE BOARDWELL,
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
MISS LUCY CLIFTON,
MISS ESTELLE FORREST.
MISS JENNIE FORREST,
MISS KITTY LEE,
MISS FANNY MAY,
MISS NAOMI PORTER,
and
MISS NELLY HOWARD,
MISS MAGGIE WILSON,
NELLY RAINFORD,
JOSEPHINE PARKER,
LOUISA ROLETTE,
IDA DE VERE,
FANNY DE VERE,
EMMA SCHELL,
LEONORA CREED,
TILLY FORBES,
LIZZY SCOTT,
MAGGIE MOUNTJOY,
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WITH A FULL CORPS DE BALLET.

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JOHN MULLIGAN,
ANDREW LEAVITT,
DENNY GALLAGHER,
JOSH HART,
BOB HART,
HARRY RAYNOR,
W. BOARDWELL,
DELEHANTY and WARD,
BILLY WEST,
W. H. WILLIAMS,
J. J. DOUGHERTY,
W. B. CAVENAGH,
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CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
Washington, D. C.

Tim Hayes, is the would-be, or self-styled Champion Clog Dancer of the world—quite an extensive space, that is if the above talented gentleman allows his imagination to stretch into boundless space and include the Eastern Hemisphere, which, without a particle of doubt, he does, as his polite breeding and polished erudition can only be excelled by his thorough geographical knowledge, having at one time substantiated this latter fact by declaring that Limerick was in Europe. But I must say that we feel greatly surprised that this modern Cleobolus has not extended his title of champion over the planets, as his constant application to the study of Astronomy must have taught him that there are other inhabited worlds within the circle, and under the control of the Great Creator; but whether clog dancing machines flourish on Venus, Saturn, or Mars, is a matter we have yet to learn. The Moon we can safely answer for, its surface being too uneven and barren for the vegetation of "Sally Come Up," or the grazing of "Doran's Asses." If at any time our esteemed friend desires to extend his researches for honor to a foreign point beyond Brooklyn and New York, to a world where he would have something, *mirabile dictu*, we would simply suggest that the body be purged of superfluous gas, such as hydrogen, oxygen, or five cent gin, and that the Emperor of Wooden Shoes divest himself of centripetal force and retain only the centrifugal, which will immediately convey him to scenes which far surpass the airy delusions of "Jack and his Bean Stalk." But if he intends to remain on Mother Earth, which we seriously advise him to do, he should retain the Latin proverb in his memory, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*.

A Challenge appeared in the last issue of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, not emanating from Messrs. Delehanty and Ward, but solely from myself, they being unassuming gentlemen and not given to midnight revels or Bacchanalian boastings, and have no desire to compete with the whole human race, but merely confine their thoughts to the land they live in. My original challenge was for $1000, to dance a double clog dance, which literally translated into English (not Yorkshire Irish) means to dance together at the same time, same music, executing the same steps, &c., &c. I do not believe in forfeits, as they do not pay for one's trouble. Where there is a certainty of winning, the whole amount is better than half. I have forwarded my $1000 to MR. FRANK QUEEN, which proves that I am acting in good faith, and if Mr. Hayes desires it I will make it two, three, four, or five thousand dollars on the match, and place it in the same hands. The $1000 will remain at the CLIPPER office for a week; that is, up to May 16th, which I presume is sufficient time for my opponent to cover it.

In conclusion permit me to remark that I, being the challenger, have in some measure a voice in regard to the city or place where the aforesaid parties shall dance. This, I insist, must be a matter mutually agreed upon by the parties interested, and not by the supreme dictum of our juvenile Napoleon. I was not aware that Tim Hayes officiated as Mr. Sands' agent, having been creditably informed that Mr. S. had dispensed with his services long ago.

The public's most obedient servant,
GEORGE LEA.

**HIPPOTHEATRON and**
NEW YORK CIRQUE,
FOURTEENTH STREET, OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
THIRD WEEK OF TRIUMPH
Of
SPALDING & ROGERS'
GREAT OCEAN CIRCUS,
From South America and the West Indies, with
A GRAND CONCENTRATION OF
THE BEST ARTISTS AND HORSES
FROM NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA
In friendly competition in the same circle.
MONDAY AND EVERY EVENING at 8 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
At 2½ o'clock.
NOVELTIES ACCUMULATING,
INTEREST INCREASING,
EXCITEMENT CULMINATING.
HORSEMANSHIP OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
By the most expert, daring, and graceful artists, male and female,
IN CHRISTENDOM.
GYMNASTICS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
By a small army of the most lithe and agile "Athletes" extant.
ACROBATS BY A MAMMOTH TROUPE
of brave and skilful victors in many a warmly-contested arenic display.
EQUINE FEATS BY STEEDS
from both sides of the Equator, who are "more than brute and little less than human."
EQUILIBRISTIC EXPLOITS,
CALISTHENIC DISPLAYS,
EQUESTRIAN SPECTACLES, and
PETITE COMEDIES,
With all the innumerable etceteras of a
MODEL HIPPOTHEATRIC ENTERTAINMENT.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
Reserved Stalls, 75 cents; Dress Circle, 50 cents (children half price); Amphitheatre, 25 cents. Doors open, afternoon, 1½; evening, at 7½. 5

**FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.**
Lessee, Director and Manager.....G. L. FOX
REVIVAL OF G. L. FOX'S
GREAT HOLIDAY PANTOMIME.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY.
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
Mr. G. L. Fox.....as.....Clown
Mr. Toney Denier.....as.....Harlequin
Mr. C. K. Fox.....as.....Pantaloon
Mlle. Martinetti.....as.....Columbine
WITH THE FULL PANTOMIME COMPANY.
G. L. F. Overture, composed and arranged by A. Tyle.
The new Drama of
THE FOREST KEEPER,
Mr. J. B. STUDLEY. Miss R. DENVIL,
and the full Dramatic Company.
THE MILLINER'S HOLIDAY.
Mrs. and Mrs. H. CHAPMAN, and the farce Company.
The House That Jack Built will be produced with all the effects of its first representation, which crowded the house for several months. 5

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
Mr. Wheatley takes much pleasure in announcing that in consequence of the
IMMENSE SUCCESS AND LEGITIMATE TRIUMPH OF THOSE DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS,
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
he has induced them to
PROLONG THEIR ENGAGEMENT FOR SIX NIGHTS MORE,
being positively their last performance in New York this season.
On MONDAY EVENING, May 9, 1864,
there will be an entire change of performance, consisting of the celebrated protean comedy of
AN HOUR IN SEVILLE,
in which MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS will sustain ten different characters.
Followed by the beautiful domestic drama entitled
IRELAND AS IT WAS.
ON MONDAY, May 16, will be produced a Grand Spectacular Drama, written by John Brougham, Esq. the sole right of its production in New York having been purchased by Mr. Wheatley, entitled BEL DEMONIO,
In which the distinguished lyric artiste, M'LLE. VESTVALI, will appear in the character of Angelo.
Seats secured six days in advance. 5

**INFORMATION WANTED** of the present whereabouts of J. TANNENBAUM. If he will send his address care CLIPPER Office, he will hear of something to his advantage.
5-1t* M. C. C.

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Manager.....JOHN ELLSLER.
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SUMMER SEASON.
Engagement of the Young, Talented and Beautiful Actress,
ALICE KINGSBURY.
A few vacancies for Responsible People. Salaries liberal.
Apply as above. 5-1t*

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| E. S. SULLIVAN, | MASTER JAMES, |
| E. JAMES KELLY, | MASTER JOHNNY, |
| FRANK FORREST, | P. H. HILL. |

The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, 11 years of age, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays each evening in front of the hall.
FRANK FORREST, Proprietor and Manager.
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Water also on the premises. Apply to
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POPULAR MINSTREL MELODIES.
PROFESSIONAL BANJOS,
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We refer to the
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**MISS KATE VANCE.**
And her Highly Trained horse,
DON JUAN,
has been re-engaged at the
NEW BOWERY THEATRE,
having made the GREAT HIT OF THE SEASON, as
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During her re-engagement, MISS VANCE will produce several NEW AND ORIGINAL PIECES.
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THE SALAMANDER, OR FIRE KING,
HAS ARRIVED
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HE WILL WALK THROUGH FIRE OF THE MOST INTENSE HEAT,
AT JONES'S WOODS, MAY 25th.
The entire New York Press are invited to witness a Private Exhibition of the
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MAY 18th,
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THE STAR OF THE WEST,
with H. B. Gates' Mare
BLACK BESS,
will open with
O'HARRA & HILL, at
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MISS A. HATHAWAY,
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Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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Consist of the following Gentlemen:
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| BILLY MORRIS, | R. M. CARROLL, |
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| J. C. TROWBRIDGE, | F. WILMARTH, |
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
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S. LEMAIRE,
DAN TONGE,
E. M. FARMLEE,
ARTHUR KENNEDY,
Are now on a successful tour through the Canadas, after which they will open in Buffalo, thence eastward.
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We resort to no extravagant "Puffs," no "Grand Outside Display;" we rely upon the merits of our entertainments, and the reputation of the above Gentlemen
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A COMPLETE ORCHESTRA,
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THE WORLD OUTDONE
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The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
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Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
nightly, before crowded houses—in many instances hundreds of people are turned away from the doors.
The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
THE GIGANTIC POSTER
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The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
T. C. GREEN, SAM POND, } Agents. 2

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Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

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MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER.....Proprietor and Manager
D. T. CORRIE.....Stage Manager
The finest place of amusement in America.
Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted. Address as above. 51-3m*

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UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. JNO. T. FORD,
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The Melodeon having been repaired, is again in the full tide of success. Artists of acknowledged ability,
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ACROBATS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
will find it to their advantage to address as above, to GEORGE LEA, or JOSH HART, Manager.
N. B.—A First Class Ballet Master Wanted. 4-3m

### WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,

514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
MONDAY, May 9, and every evening during the week,
THE CHALLANGE DANCE,
BY FRANK BROWER and J. T. BOYCE.
GIDEON'S BAND,
COMIC BANJO SOLO'S
By W. S. BUDWORTH.
MAXIMILIAN
AND
NAPOLEON,
PHILHARMONICGERMANIAREHEARSAL,
HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES,
RAILROAD EXPLOSION, &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels.

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Lessee and Directress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1864,
BENEFIT
OF
MR. THOMAS BAKER.
Musical Director.
First time at this theatre of the most beautiful and interesting drama, in two acts, by H. T. Craven, Esq., entitled
THE CHIMNEY CORNER.
After which,
MRS. JOHN WOOD
will appear for the first time this season as
MINNIE,
in Planche's amusing farce, entitled
SOMEBODY ELSE.
WEDNESCAY, MAY 11, BENEFIT OF
MRS. SEDLEY BROWN.
On which occasion
MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
having kindly volunteered, will appear.
Doors open at 7¼, performances commence at 7¾.
Seats secured three days in advance.

### NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage manager.....MR. N. B. CLARKE.
SECOND WEEK.
OF THE
GREAT MELODRAMATIC
ACTRESS AND EQUESTRIENNE,
MISS KATE VANCE,
CHANGE OF BILL. THREE GREAT DRAMAS.
DICK TURPIN,
OR THE
HIGHWAYMAN'S RACE.
Miss Kate Vance.....as.....Dick Turpin.
Introducing the unrivalled steed
DON JUAN.
The Drama of
LEAH,
THE JEW'S DAUGHTER,
And the
WREN BOYS.
Mrs. W. G. Jones, Geo. Brookes, Marden, G. Lingard, Hathaway, Miss Kate Newton and the whole company.
FRIDAY, BENEFIT OF MISS KATE VANCE.

### BROADWAY THEATRE,

485 BROADWAY, corner of Broome Street.
GEORGE WOOD.....Manager.
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF
SIMMONS.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME
FOR MONDAY AND TUESDAY.
SIMMONS
will appear in
FULL JAPANESE COSTUME,
and perform many illusions taught him by the Jugglers of Japan.
TOP SPINNING ON A SINGLE THREAD.
THE ANIMATED PAPER.
BUTTERFLY TRICK WITH TWO BUTTERFLIES, &c., &c.
Wednesday Evening, May 11th,
SIMMONS
WILL CUT OFF HIS OWN HEAD.
MATINEE on Saturday at 2½ o'clock.
THE DRAMATIC SEASON
will be inaugurated on Monday, May 16th. 5-1t

### CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS

WILL OPEN
THEIR
NEW HALL
199 and 201 BOWERY,
Opposite Spring Street,
ON OR ABOUT
JUNE 1st.
The most Elegant,
AND BY FAR THE BEST VENTILATED
TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT
in the United States.
Full particulars in future announcements. 5-1t

### M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, Niece of the Renowned Ravels,

and the only one of the Ravel family now on the American stage. This beautiful, young and talented Tight Rope Artiste (French and Spanish Danseuse), is now performing a MOST SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT at Chicago.
Communications may be addressed to
M. W. HANLEY, Agent,
5-1t* Revere House, Chicago, Ill.

### BROWNE'S DRAMATIC COMBINATION.

S. E. BROWNE, G. W. PIKE, } .....Managers.
The above popular Troupe, after a very successful tour through the Eastern States, leave Augusta, May 9th, on their return, visiting the following towns: GARDINER, BATH, LEWISTON, Me.; DOVER, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.; NEWBURYPORT, SALEM, LYNN, MILFORD, Mass.; WOONSOCKET, PAWTUCKET, FALL RIVER, NEWPORT, R. I., &c., &c., closing in Newport, July 4th. The Fall season will commence on or about the 1st of September. Business letters, or otherwise, may be addressed to the managers, as above. 5-2t*

### BISHOP'S CUMBERLAND MINSTRELS.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT, AT THEIR
NEW PAVILLION,
Maine Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.
By authority of Major-General Thomas.
BISHOP & DOWNS.....Proprietors.
T. BRIGHAM BISHOP.....Manager and Director.
TOM DOWNS.....Treasurer.
WANTED—A 1st violinist, good reader and up in the business. Also, leading tenor and bass singer. The best of salary and sure pay. Address as above.
N. B.—Good talent in any line, also wanted. 5-1t*

### CANTERBURY HALL,

HARRISBURG, PA.
J. H. DONNELL.....Proprietor.
JOE MILLER.....Stage Manager.
HARRY WELLS.....Leader of Orchestra.
This popular place of amusement is now in full tide of success. It is the Largest and Best Company now in this city, acknowledged to be so by the public and also by the press. Performers of acknowled ability, such as
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
GYMNASTS, &c.,
Will find it to their advantage to apply stating line of business, terms, &c., to
5-3m J. H. DONNELL, Box 39, Harrisburg, Pa.

### JACKSON HAINES,

THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN SKATER,
Having concluded his winter tour in the States, and through the British provinces, is now fulfilling an engagement with Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, in Boston, at the close of which he will be ready to perform one more engagement previous to his departure for Europe. Managers wishing to negotiate will please address as above.
P. S.—Jackson Haines has in preparation a grand Polish dance, in characteristic costume, and never yet performed. 5-1t*

### NEW IDEA CONCERT HALL.

No. 463 WEST BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.
FARQUHAR & HAYS.....Proprietors.
L. BROWN.....Stage Manager.
This establishment having been fitted up in the highest style of art, and recently opened by the above-named energetic gentlemen, as a place of public amusement, is now in full tide of success.
CROWDED HOUSES NIGHTLY.
Everybody delighted and amazed at the elegant, chaste and bewitching entertainments given by the GREATEST COMBINATION TROUPE in the city, among whom we will mention MISS KATE CLAIRE, the fascinating songstress, and best female jig dancer in the country; MISS ADA ST. CLAIRE, vocalist and dansense; MISS MAGGIE MOUNTJOY, the accomplished dansense; LITTLE IDA, the beautiful dansense; BILL LA COMPT, the great Ethiopian comedian and banjo soloist; FRANK CHRISTOPHER, the celebrated ballad singer; J. LANDIS, champion clog dancer; PAUL ANDRIA, pianist; TONY WELLS, Ethiopian delineator; MONS. LE BONN, bone solo; S. HORN, and a host of others.
NOTICE.—Performers of acknowledged ability will find it to their advantage to apply as above. None but first class need apply. 5-2t*

### MASTER BARRY, Song and Dance and Jig

Dancer and Juvenile Comedian. Managers desiring his services address TOM BRIGGS, care Harry Hill, 26 East Houston St. 5-1t*

### THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL WIGS, CURLS,

BEARDS, MOUSTACHES, SKULL CAPS, etc., on hand and made to order. Goods sent to all parts of the Union. PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker, 15 West Houston street, N. Y.
NOTICE.—Payment for goods is required before we forward them per express. Send for our PRICE LIST, enclosing stamp, and on sending your orders, enclose the amount for the same. All letters containing money should be registered at the Post Office, and will then reach us safely. 4-2t*

### TO MANAGERS.

CHARLES J. FYFFE,
LEADING MAN, is open for engagements. Managers will please address Mansfield, Ohio. 4-2t*

### BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT by JOHN

BOGAN, Manufacturer and Teacher of the Banjo, No. 5 Second Avenue, N. Y. Banjos for sale from $7 upwards, and sent to any part of the country on receipt of the money. N. B.—On receipt of $1 I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. 4-3t*

### OCEANA!!!

THE STAR OF THE WEST!!

OCEANA! THE BEAUTIFUL and DARING EQUESTRIENNE AND PANTOMIMIC ACTRESS,
Acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD
WITH
H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED HORSE,
BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA.
OCEANA'S Extensive Repertoire embraces the following
EQUESTRIAN DRAMAS.
MAZEPPA.
PAULINE DE ESTRAYE, THE FRENCH SPY,
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP, THE BORDER SPY,
JACK SHEPPARD, THE RIDE FOR LIFE,
YELVY AND HER FLYING STEED,
THE CHILD OE THE PRAIRIE, SIXTEEN STRING JACK,
MIKE MARTIN, DICK TURPIN,
and the highly Romantic Spectacular Pantomime of
DON JUAN,
TOGETHER WITH ENTIRE NEW AND SPLENDID WOOD CUTS.
Managers wishing to engage this celebrated actress will please address JAMES CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
5-1t* 25 West Houston street, New York.

### VARIETIES MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,

THE GREAT
FIRST CLASS AMUSEMENT EXCHANGE.
WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
FITZ SIMMONS, FITZ SIMMONS,
STAGE MANAGER, THEATRICAL ADVERTISER,
AND DRAMATIST,
for the last three years identified with the
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS OF THE NATION'S CAPITAL,
AUTHOR OF OVER
20 SUCCESSFUL ACTING PLAYS,
performed with flattering success in Washington, as two of these copyrighted prize dramas were witnessed by over 40,000 persons each, their titles the
BELLE OF WASHINGTON, OR FROM THE ALTAR TO THE DISSECTING TABLE.
FEMALE PICKPOCKET, OR HIGH AND LOW LIFE
IN THE CAPITAL CITY,
Running over 50 representations each, and their attractions endorsed by the Editorial approval of the leading Journals of Washington, attracting the critical presence and hearty approbation of the prominent people of the day as well as the
HEADS OF THE VARIED GOVERNMENT
DEPARTMENTS.
Fitz Simmon's second year of engagement as Stage Manager, Theatrical Advertiser and Dramatist of the Varieties, previously connected with the first class Theatres of this City.
☞ NOTE.—Parties corresponding with Mr. Fitz Simmons, are notified that his present engagement at the Varieties is rapidly attaining its fulfillment, therefore letters for him will be addressed 1004 PINE STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
FITZ SIMMONS,
Stage Manager, Theatrical Advertiser and Dramatist,
"WASHINGTON VARIETIES." 4-2t*

### HARRIS & CLIFTON'S

EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND,
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
DICK BLACK, Tamborinist and Comedian,
GEO. EDWARDS, Bones and Eccentric Comedian,
DICK McGOWAN, Banjo Soloist and Comedian,
J. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
J. NORRIE, Interrogator and Basso,
PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Piccolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
☞ The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, GEO. CLIFTON, } Sole Proprietors.
5- HARRY WILLIAMS, Business Agent.

### SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| BUFFALO, | CHICAGO, | LOUISVILLE, |
| TOLEDO, | ST. PAUL, | NASHVILLE, |
| DETROIT, | ST. LOUIS, | MEMPHIS, |
| MILWAUKIE, | CINCINNATI, | NEW ORLEANS, |

Returning to the East next season.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader of Orchestra.
E. T. BLACKMAN, Vocal Director.
FRANK BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
FRANK CILLEY, WM. H. DAVIS, CHAS. UNDERWOOD, } Advertising Agents.
4-6m

### INTERESTING

TO TRAVELLING COMPANIES THROUGH CANADA.
WM. RICHARDSON has removed from the American Hotel to the INTERNATIONAL (formerly the Burlington), KING STREET, EAST HAMILTON, C. W., where he is better prepared to accommodate the travelling companies through that section of country, and will be happy to wait on his old friends from the United States. Dealers in horses would do well to give him a call. Having more convenience and a much larger house, he can commend himself to all. WM. RICHARDSON,
4-4t* Hamilton, C. W.

### THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,

GEO. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. B. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
3-tf 575 Broadway, New York.

### "WILLARD'S HOWARD ATHENÆUM,"

BOSTON.
The Fall and Winter season of this favorite establishment will commence August 15th—next.
Stars wishing nights, will address
HENRY WILLARD, Lessee,
4-3m Boston.

### TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses

a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
PERCY STANLEY,
Care Box 817,
4-3m* Portsmouth, N. H.

### PITTSBURGH THEATRE.

Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

### BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Dan-

SEUSE and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

### CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!

Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.
The Standard Music Hall of the Quaker City.
Wanted competent Artistes in the various departments connected with the Music Hall business.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
CHRIS. NORRIS, (Sole Lessee),
4-tf P. O. Box 930, Philadelphia.

### APOLLO THEATRE,

LEXINGTON, KY.
WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 4-3m

### WANTED Immediately, a First-Class Lady Vocal-

IST, one capable of playing in Farces. Also a first-class VIOLINIST, at the CANTERBURY HALL, Harrisburg, Pa.
Address
J. H. DONNELL,
4-3t Box 39.

### AMERICAN THEATRE.

444 BROADWAY,
THE GRAND RESORT OF THE METROPOLIS,
A Succession of Crowded Houses Greet
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
Every Night.
The most unanimous tokens of approval,
The Press and Public,
Unite in declaring it
THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
THE GREAT PANTOMIMIC TROUPE,
THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
In short, all that goes to make up
THE GIGANTIC COMPANY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
R. W. BUTLER, Manager.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.
J. AMMERMAN, Treasurer.
PAUL BRILLIANT, Ballet Master.
ALBERT BRAHAM, Musical Director. 4-tf

### BALTIMORE MELODEON.--This popular place of

amusement has been thoroughly
CLEANED,
PAINTED, and
REDECORATED,
and is in the full tide of success. The present company consists of the following well known artists:—
JOSH HART,
JOSH HART,
JOSH HART,
the quintessence of comicalities, and without exception the best Dramatic Actor in the concert profession.
WARREN BORDWELL,
WARREN BORDWELL,
the celebrated Irish Comedian and Vocalist.
PONEY SMITH,
PONEY SMITH,
the best Song and Dance Man in the country.
MR. F. WILLIAMS,
the Champion Clog Dancer.
WILLIAM DALEY,
Ethiopian Comedian.
J. L. FOX.
NED, THE LITTLE MONITOR.
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
MISS LAURA LE CLAIRE,
the great Versatile Actress, Vocalist and Danseuse, whose great success in the character, Fortunato, in the drama of the "Brigand's Oath," has been pronounced by press and public to be the success of the season.
MISS ANNA BORDWELL,
MISS ANNA BORDWELL,
the best Lady Vocalist on the stage.
MISS TILLY FORBES,
MISS MAGGIE MOUNTJOY,
MISS JULIA ROBINSON,
MISS FANNIE DEVERE,
MISS JULIA STEWART,
MISS JOSEPHINE DELEVAN,
and the
BEAUTIFUL COURT OF BEAUTY OF 20 YOUNG LADIES.
NOTICE.—Performers of acknowledged ability—Singers, Dancers, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, &c.—will find it to their advantage to apply as above. None but first class artists need apply. COLE BROTHERS,
Proprietors,
East Baltimore street,
Baltimore,
4-4t Md.

### McVICKER'S THEATRE,

CHICAGO, ILL.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged abilities wishing to engage for a long season will please address the undersigned, stating the amount of salary required per week. A Matinee is given each week. J. H. McVICKER. 2-7t*

### NATIONAL THEATRE,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.
WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
OF AMERICA.
THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
1-tf Address WM. E. SINN.

### THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young fe-

male Brass Band, twenty in number. Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverence to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

### ROYCE HALL, Bloomington, Ill.---The most com-

fortable and Largest Hall in the City. Well supplied with Stage Scenery, Gas, and good Ventilation. Has an entrance on Main and Front streets. Direct to A. A. LAMB,
at Baughen's Music Store, Main street,
49-3m* Bloomington, Ill.

### THEATRE ROYAL,

MONTREAL, CANADA.
TO LET, Nightly or weekly or arrangements will be made with any first class entertainment.
49-tf J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

### WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may

be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 50

### MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to en-

gage the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 52-3m

### LEWIS MILLER, BILL POSTER, No. 10 North 13th

street, above Market, west side, Philadelphia.
All orders left with H. A. Brown, third story, Ledger Buildings, or Ringwalt and Brown, Press Buildings, will be promptly attended to. 1-7t*

### GAYETY MUSIC HALL,

ALBANY, N. Y.
Wanted, an ENTIRE NEW COMPANY for the above place. Address to SAMUEL FITZPATRICK,
1-6t* Box 946, Albany, N. Y.

### W. J. THOMPSON, the celebrated melo-dramatic

Actor, and his highly trained dogs HECTOR and CARLO, having just concluded a highly successful engagement at Aim's Olympic Theatre, are open for engagements to produce the following plays: "Cattle Stealers," "Dog of the Old Stone Cross," "Forest of Bondy," "Mountain Devil," "The Watchword," "Idiot of the Shannon," &c. Parties wishing to engage Mr. Thompson will address JAS. CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston street, or W. J. THOMPSON, 187 Forsyth street, N. Y. City. 1-tf

### BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,

Cor. Summer and Chauncy streets,
BOSTON.
Entertainments Every Evening, and
48-3m Saturday Afternoon.

### J. T. HUNTLEY'S

"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
Catskill Point.
PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT,
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT BOARDERS.
☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ☜
☞ Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
2- J. T. HUNTLEY.

### A RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.---FOR

SALE.—MR. GEO. K. GOODWIN, being about to retire from the show business, offers for sale the exhibition known as Goodwin & WILDER'S POLYORAMA OF THE WAR, being an exact duplicate of the one known as Geo. K. Goodwin & Co.'s Polyorama. Any good business man can realize from three to five hundred dollars weekly by its exhibition. Also for sale, a PANORAMA OF AUSTRALIA and a Panorama of the Whaling Voyage. None but cash customers need apply. Address
GEO. K. GOODWIN,
52-tf No. 10 Brattle Square, Boston.

### U. S. HALL, Wooster City,

WAYNE COUNTY, OHIO.
W. W. HAMILTON, Proprietor.
This spacious and newly fitted up establishment is now open for the Show folks and Travellers generally.
It is situated nearly in the centre of the city; has a dining room for eighty people; stabling for sixty horses, and shed room for fifty more.
The whole under the personal superintendence of that prince of hotel keepers, W. W. Hamilton. 4-tf

### CRANDEL'S EXCHANGE,

WOOSTER, OHIO.
E. D. CRANDELY, Proprietor.
The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-tf

### THE WEBB SISTERS,

MISSES EMMA AND ADA.
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
42-3m CLIPPER OFFICE, or 23 Henry street, Brooklyn.

### MISS KATE FISHER,

THE WELL KNOWN
EQUESTRIENNE and
PROTEAN ACTRESS,
THE ACKNOWLEDGED MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD,
Has concluded the most successful
SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT
Ever known in the New Bowery Theatre.
During this Engagement a larger number of people have assembled nightly to witness her performances than ever was known before to collect in any Theatre in the United States.
Her engagement there is pronounced to be
THE GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF THE AGE.
During the acts MISS FISHER makes the
ENTIRE CIRCUIT OF THE BOXES,
And ascends to the very Top of the Theatre.
HER ORIGINAL FEAT,
The Flight Around the Dress Circle, strapped to the back of her flying steed, is pronounced to be
THE MOST DARING AND THRILLING ACT
Ever performed in New York.
MISS FISHER has the first Equestrian and Protean piece ever written (expressly for her) by John F. Poole, Esq., entitled
THE FEMALE AMERICAN SPY;
OR, SCENES IN THE GREAT AMERICAN REBELLION,
For which she has two of the best trained Horses in the country,
Her Arab Barbs
WONDER
and SMALL,
And the only Original Manuscript of
THE THREE FAST MEN,
Purchased by her from Mr. English, prior to the burning of the National Theatre, Boston.
Also, the Original Cuts of the same.
MISS FISHER'S extensive Repertoire embraces

| | |
|---|---|
| Rookwood, | Putnam, |
| Cartouche, | Claude Duval, |
| Calano, | Herne the Hunter, |
| El Hyder, | Female Horse Thief, |
| Cataract of the Ganges, | Horse of the Secret Mine, |
| Jack Sheppard, | Mike Martin, and |
| | George Barnwell. |

JAS. CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
2-tf 25 West Houston street, New York.

### SHOW BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

THEODORE DUTTON,
Begs to inform his old friends, Managers and the Public generally, that he is now located at the
EMPIRE STEAM PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT,
13 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK,
Where he will give his personal attention to the production in any style, of all kinds of
PLAIN, COLORED, AND ILLUSTRATED SHOW BILLS,
Particularly adapted for
TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS,
CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCES,
GYMNASTS, MAGICIANS,
TRACK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,
TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,
DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,
POLITICAL CLUBS.
T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business, the very large assortment of Cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons. 41-3m

### ELLINGER & FOOTE'S

GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
ATTRACTIONS EXTRAORDINARY! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.
COM. FOOTE,
The Smallest Man in the World, 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 23 lbs.
His Sister MISS ELIZA NESTEL, (the Fairy Queen,) 17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 14½ lbs., and
COL. SMALL,
17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 25 lbs.
Assisting these Wonderful Little People are the old, Original, and only
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
W. D. FRANKLIN and J. W. SMITH,
Miss M. C. ELLINGER, the celebrated vocalist and Pianist, and